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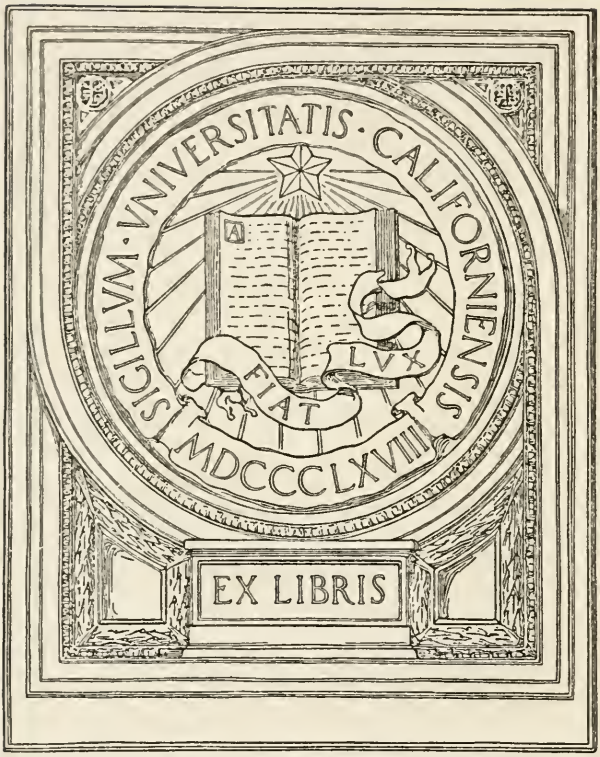
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THE CHRISTIAN OFFERING

Boston

LINCOLN & EDMANDS,

1832.

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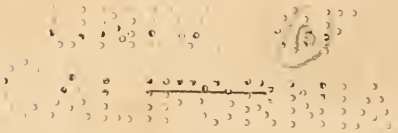

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1832.

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PREFACE.

THERE can be no doubt entertained, by a reflecting mind, that the wide diffusion of the light and elegant literature of the day is exerting a powerful influence on the community, and especially on the youthful mind; and it is therefore incumbent on the friends of truth to aid the circulation of such works of taste as shall produce the best moral and religious effects.

In this volume, an attempt has been made to show, that literary elegance and Christian instruction may happily coalesce.

The editor feels his obligations to the kindness of those who have enriched his volume with their efforts, and hopes for a continuance of their aid.

J. O. C.

NEWPORT, R. I., *Oct.*, 1831.

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"CHARITY BEARETH ALL THINGS."

St. Paul

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The Lion loves his own.—The desert sands,
High tossed beneath his spurning foot, attest
The rage of his bereavement. With hoarse cries,
Vindictive, echoing round the rocky shores,
The polar bear her slaughtered cub bewails;
While with a softer plaint, where verdant groves
Responsive quiver to the evening breeze,
The mother-bird deplores her ravaged nest.

The Savage loves his own.—His wind-rocked babe,
That, rudely cradled 'mid the fragrant boughs,
Or on its toiling mother's shoulders bound,
Shrinks not from sun or rain,—his hoary sire,
And hunting-spear, and forest spoils, are dear.

The Pagan loves his own.—The faithful friend
Who by his side the stormy battle dares,
The chieftain at whose nod his life-blood flows.
His simple hut, and native earth, are dear.

The Christian loves his own.—But is his God
Content with this, who, full of bounty, pours
His sun-ray on the evil and the good,
And, like a parent, gathereth round his board
The thankless with the just?

Shall man, who shares
An unrequited banquet, sternly bar
From his heart's brotherhood a fellow-guest?
Shall he within his bosom sternly hide
Retaliation's poison, when the smile
Of Heaven doth win him to the deeds of love?
Speak, servants of that Blessed One who gave
The glorious precept, "Love your enemies;"—
Is it enough that ye should *love your friends*,
Even as the heathen do?—Is *He*, who bore
The flight of friendship, the denial-vow
Of coward love, the Pharisaic taunt,
Judea's maddened scourge, the Roman spear,
A world's offences, and the pang of death,—
Is He your Master, if ye only walk
As Nature prompts?—If the love-beaming eye
Drink fond return reciprocal, the lip
That pours your praise partake your sympathy
When sorrow blanches it, the liberal hand
Win by its gifts your meed of gratitude,—
What do ye more than others? But on him
Whose frown of settled hatred mars your rest,
Who to the bosom of your fame doth strike
A serpent-sting, your kindest deeds requite
With treachery, and o'er your motives cast
The mist of prejudice,—say, can you look
With the meek smile of patient tenderness,
And from the deep pavilion of your soul
Send up the prayer of blessing?

God of strength!
Be merciful; and, when we duly kneel
Beside our pillow of repose, and say,
"*Forgive us, Father, even as we forgive,*"
Grant that the murmured orison seal not
Our condemnation.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A PRINT OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

BY WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS, ESQ.

His mind was like the starry skies he read,
Bright, vast, and calm, and fathomless: the dreams
Of ancient days, that men had worshipped long
As glorious forms of truth, to it were clouds
That gorgeous floated by, nor found a home
Nor left a stain in all that vault of light.
His country, proud her laurelled sons amid,
Him hails with mighty Bacon, and with Locke
Keen-eyed, her chiefs with mental empire girt,
And throned in deathless fame. With kindling eye,
She turns to other ages, and to climes
Remote, and flings the gauntlet of his fame
To all, "From those who on Euphrates' bank,
Or by far Ganges counted first the stars,
To Galileo, Kepler and Des Cartes;
Who can with peerless Newton vie?"
The babe
That died but yesternight, ere yet its lips
Had framed a word, or it had learned to know

The mother, on whose breast, all helpless hung,
It feebly wailing gasped away its life,
Shall vie with England's sage, and prove his peer;
For it has learnt, as with a moment's glance,
More than the mortal Newton knew, and now
At all the scanty lore of earth it smiles!

A CHURCH IN THE BACKWOODS.

BY MISS ISABEL ANN DRYSDALE.

Many years ago, during a rambling excursion through the interior of Georgia and Carolina, I remember stopping late, one Saturday evening, at a shabby little inn, in one of the most remote and recently settled districts. All around was wild, and rude, and imperfect, proclaiming, at every step, the *new settlement.* At that time, I was utterly devoid of religious feeling: still I was decorous in my conduct, and was regarded as "a good kind of a man." At home, on the Sabbath morning, duly as the town clock struck nine, the door of my counting-room was closed, the leger abandoned, with all its perplexities, and home I hastened to make the customary preparations for appearing in "the great congregation." Let none of my readers misunderstand me: this preparation had no connection with the regulation of my thoughts and affections,—no heavenly meditation, introductory to my audience with the King of kings. It was simply the changing of my every day drab coat for a superfine surtout, or smoothing into more than ordinary sleekness my Sunday beaver. Yet, strange to say, from

this most gross and worldly-minded conformity, I derived a vast fund of internal complacency and self-security, and, contemplating the bolder offender, I was often ready to say, "God, I thank thee that I am not as *this* man." And, thus placed under the incessant influence of religious truth, my heart at last became like a polished stone, worn harder by constant, but ineffectual attrition.

Such being my habits, I was obviously a "church-going" man, and before I retired at night, I learned with great satisfaction, that, "the best meeting-house in the settlement" was only a few miles distant. Accordingly, the next morning, I set forth rather earlier than the appointed hour, and, following one of the almost innumerable paths, which, winding from every direction, converged towards a certain point, I found myself, after a short ride, entering the grove in which I expected to find the church. Nor was it long before it appeared, in the midst of a wide clearing, but certainly very unlike the conception I had formed of it in my own mind. Assuredly I had not expected to find in this church of the backwoods, an edifice of stone, or brick, or even of well-painted wood, with tall steeple and gilded vane, such as I was familiar with in cities; but some vague notion I had of rustic simplicity and beauty, and when I beheld an uncouth-looking log building, its unhewn timbers still cased in their original sylvan envelope of shaggy bark, I acknowledge, that the little temple of the woods scarcely

received from me that respect which I had been accustomed to accord to every house of God.

In the open space before the church, seated on the grass, and dispersed through the neighboring woods, I found its humble congregation; and, learning that the minister had not arrived, I strayed onward into the green shades surrounding us. Here I was soon constrained to confess, that, though the *church* of the "new settlement" had disappointed my expectations, it certainly enjoyed the most lovely and picturesque situation I had ever beheld. From the deep, black loam, shot up a giant forest growth, whose broad, umbrageous branches spread around an almost unbroken continuity of shade: no confused under-brush obstructed the view; all was clear and free, and long vistas opened on every side, between the massy columns of mighty oaks, sycamores, and magnolias. Beneath the whole was spread a close-cropped green, richly sprinkled with the crimson leaves of the gum-tree, and the bright, yellow foliage of the sassafras, for it was late in September, and every passing breeze showered the earth with these brilliant, but transient honors of the autumnal grove.

On my return to the church, I found that the minister had arrived: the congregation were crowding into the church, and it was with some difficulty that I procured a seat. I had a few minutes to reconnoitre my situation, in the midst of a plain, homespun-clad people, whose expectant looks and

earnest attention I mentally contrasted with the stiff, artificial propriety of a city congregation. But my speculations were suddenly interrupted by the appearance of the minister himself, slowly rising in the little stand which served for a pulpit. He wore the common garb of the country, and his face, deeply bronzed by exposure, showed that he shared its common labor. But the thin, white locks, which grew around his sunken temples, and a sweet seriousness in his whole look, redeemed his countenance from any thing like coarseness or vulgarity of expression. I could not help looking reverently on the old man, maugre all my city prejudices against a coarse coat and *clergy out of black;* and when he began to read, in a voice which was full of natural music, though evidently untrained to the elegances of the art, I listened with pleased attention, deeply touched by the profound solemnity and pathos with which he recited the following lines from Watts:—

God of my childhood and my youth,
The Guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart?

The fire of devotion, which kindled in his languid eye at the commencement, was quickly quenched

in a glistening tear, and the strong quiver of emotion rendered his voice nearly inaudible in the last verse. My heart was considerably softened by this introduction, and the avenues of feeling, long sealed by inveterate worldliness, were gently opened to the holy influences which flowed from the following services.

The humble pastor of the backwoods was an unlettered man; his "Bible true" was his only book; but from that pure fountain, he had drunk deeply of holy wisdom and divine philosophy; and to his thoughtful, observant eye, the rich volume of nature presented an affecting and harmonious commentary. There was not a rural landscape, a changing season, or varying hour, not a home-scene in life, which he could not find clearly reflected in the mirror of inspiration: the finger of God had painted both, and he loved the venerable impress. This it was, this beautiful appropriation of scriptural imagery, which constituted the peculiar charm of his preaching, giving an ever-varying freshness to his thoughts, and tinging them, as it were, with the hues of heaven. He was an unlettered man, and he meekly contented himself with the beaten track of experience, avoiding those heights and depths of doctrine, which require the strong pinion of a trained and disciplined mind. He talked of the bitterness of sin, which he had felt, of the love and goodness of Christ, which he had tasted; and when he spoke of a faithful God, his

hand instinctively rose to his own gray locks, as an affecting testimonial. There was so much of the powerful interest of *reality* in all this, that as he painted, with glowing fervor, the future glories of the redeemed, I looked on the coarse sleeve on his extended arm, and almost thought that I saw it already transmuted into the ethereal garment of light.

I left the church loving and reverencing its aged preacher, and deeply affected by all that I had heard. A short intermission was to be followed by a second sermon, and I lingered near the church to hear it. In the mean time, the congregation were grouped about, in little clusters, under the trees, strongly reminding me of those companies seated on the grass, into which the pitying Redeemer arranged the fainting multitude in the wilderness. From one of these groups I saw the venerable minister advancing towards me; he accosted me with hearty kindness, and invited me to a seat under his tree, and a share of his little refreshments, with a simplicity and frank courtesy which reminded me of patriarchal hospitality. During this hasty repast, I made some progress in his acquaintance, and received from him an invitation for the night, to which I gladly assented.

It was late before the congregation dispersed, and the beams of the setting sun lighted them home, some on foot, and others on horses, in carts and in carriages. We listened for some time to the mingled hum of voices as they receded from us, and occa-

sionally a distant strain of sacred music floated sweetly by us, the holy vesper of the closing Sabbath.

I led my horse, and walked by the side of the man of God, whose firm step and rapid pace, as he threaded the forest by a little winding foot-path, bespoke a green and vigorous old age. The dusky shades of twilight enveloped every object before we discovered a little light, shining like a twinkling star at a distance.

"That is my light," said the old man, mending his pace as if animated by the sight; and we pursued its "long levelled rule," until led by it to the door of a common log cabin.

I felt pained and confused as we entered this humble dwelling, fearing that this exposure of his poverty might wound the feelings of my new friend. But his frank, unembarrassed manner soon relieved my uneasiness, and I took the oaken chair, which he presented, with pleasure and alacrity.

Our supper was soon served, sweetened by peace and heart-felt good-will; it was clean and abundant, but very homely: indeed, every thing that I saw informed me that I was under a poor man's roof.

Anxious to do him all the honor in my power, I ventured something like a compliment on the discourses I had heard through the day. He smiled, and said that he was much obliged by the attention with which I had listened; he was sure I must be accustomed to very different preaching. I

warmly disclaimed this fact, and was proceeding in a still more complimentary strain, when he modestly, but with dignity, waved the subject. "You are very kind, sir," he said, "very kind; I see your motive, and am bound to be thankful for it. Indeed, I hope I am not so unmindful of the dignity of the message which I bear, as to forget its claims, even when delivered by a poor and ignorant man, like myself. God speaks in the rough, hoarse east wind, as well as in the soft breezes of spring. He is the God of battles for Israel, whether he conquers by the pebble of the brook, or the polished shaft from the armory of kings."

In the course of the evening, I drew from my host a little history of himself, delivered, as nearly as I can remember, in the following words.

"I have very little story to tell. I am a poor man myself, and was a poor man's son. When I was a tall lad, about the age of my eldest son, who sits next to you at table, my father trusted me with his little crop to carry to market. A more foolish and careless youth than I was at that time you can scarcely conceive: I had hardly more thought than the beasts by whose side I trudged whistling along. My whole ambition was to possess a horse and gun of my own, and I asked no higher honor than being called the best marksman and racer in our settlement.

"——— was the first town I had ever seen, and, after putting up my cotton as my father had di-

rected (for it was Sunday), I walked from street to street, gaping about me, and stopping, every minute, to admire some strange sight. Suddenly I was startled by the loud, solemn tones of a church bell, close above me. I had never heard any thing like it before, and the curiosity and delight, which I expressed with the utmost simplicity, so amused and pleased a gentleman who was passing at the moment, that he offered to take me to the place whence the sound came. He accordingly carried me with him to church; but I suspect that he was rather ashamed of my clownish appearance, for he stowed me away in a gallery pew, and left me immediately.

"At first I did nothing but gaze at the highly dressed congregation, and the beautiful ornaments of the church; but at last the minister attracted my attention, and I think it never wandered from him again for a single minute. I suppose that he was a very popular preacher, for the church was greatly thronged; yet there was a meek humility in his manner, which looked as if his wonted place was at Jesus' feet. He had an elegance and refinement of speech and tone, which we poor rustic preachers never can attain; but in him it was evidently natural: there was nothing like vanity or display about him; he seemed to think only of winning souls to Christ.

"I listened to him with eager attention; it seemed as if a thick shroud was gradually withdrawn from my mind, and new and most overpowering light

poured in upon it. At first, indeed, it was only a faint glimmering breaking through the darkness; but gradually I saw more clearly, and I left that house a changed creature. I cared no more for the novelties by which I was surrounded,—God, God was in all my thoughts,—and, shrinking away from every living creature, in the stillness of retirement, I looked inward and upward, into the secrets of two strange worlds, hitherto unknown to me.

"I returned home an altered man. My father often asked what made me so down-hearted. He missed my merry whistle at the plough, my boisterous glee in the harvest. But the secret was soon read: an old one-covered Bible of my mother's, which had long been preserved, as the decent ornament of our parlor shelf, was now my constant companion; and, a poor, unlettered peasant boy, I would spell over its blessed lessons by our evening torch, and dive into those affecting mysteries, in which the way-faring man, though a fool, shall not err.

"At first, I had many a bitter gibe and surly reproof from my father; but I bore it all patiently, and God rewarded me—God abundantly rewarded me!" (he exclaimed, with sudden animation, a bright glow suffusing his tanned and wrinkled countenance) "for he gave me my father's soul, as the fruit of my endurance; and in this wide world, there is no spot so dear to my heart as the aged pine, under

whose shade my father fell on my neck, and wept his first tears of contrition.

"Gradually I began to be noticed as a serious young man: on Sundays the people encouraged me to speak to them upon religious subjects, and it was not many years before I became a preacher without knowing it myself. Ah, sir, how earnestly I longed then for the advantages of education! The minister whom I had heard in ——— haunted my thoughts, night and day; and hard I toiled in sun and snow, straining my young sinews in vain efforts to amass a little treasure for this purpose, hoping that I might at last learn like him to deliver my Master's message. That was not the day of religious enterprise and religious seminaries. Our pious youth pined in obscurity, and passed away unknown to the generation among whom they might have lived as burning and shining lights. It is too late for *me;* but I rejoice, I magnify the goodness of God for the rising prosperity of Zion, for the schools of the prophets growing up in the land."

By this time, I felt so familiar with my host, that I ventured a few questions on his condition as to temporal things, which seemed to me so every way unworthy of his deserts. Upon this subject he was rather reserved: he said, however, that he had had some hard struggles in his time; but, checking himself, he added, "I bless God, I have never known the wo of a houseless head, or famishing family:

my bread and my water have been sure, and this is *all* that I have a right to claim."

My feelings were greatly excited, and I spoke warmly of the duty of his church to provide for him in a more suitable manner. A deep blush crossed the old man's face, and he said, "Our strength is not 'the strength of stones, nor our flesh brass,' yet our brethren think so, and jealously grant our most modest requisitions; but," correcting himself, he added meekly, "I am wrong to speak thus, and I pray God to give me a contented heart. Yet sometimes, when I look upon my children growing up in ignorance around me, I sigh, and wish that while I labor for them in spiritual things, they would feed me at least with the crumbs which fall from their tables; for, oh! how small a mite from their abundance, would supply all our wants! But let me not wrong my brethren. Whenever I go among them, I find the open door, and ready smile of welcome: my presence makes a little holyday among them, and they spread before me the best that they have; but bitter are the dainties which are unshared by those we love, and tasteless the enjoyments which they cannot know."

Thus closed our conversation. I left the good man early the next morning, never to forget the little church in the backwoods, and its venerable minister.

THE MOURNER.

Diseased—reviled—of all but life bereft,
Stretched on the cold, damp earth, the mourner lay;
No friendly hand, no child's endearment left
To soothe his grief, or wipe his tears away;—
Fallen like the forest oak beneath the blast,
A mighty victim to the ruthless storm,
Its beauties withered, and its grandeur past,
Stripped of its every leaf, and scathed its form;—
Still, still he owned the arm whose dreadful sweep,
Whose oft-repeated strokes had pierced his soul;
And in that night of wo, so long, so deep,
No word reproachful from the sufferer stole.
Hear him—"Though death itself these eyes may dim,
Dealt by his hand, yet will I trust in him."

T W. H.

ROME BURIED IN HER OWN RUINS.

"BUSCAS EN ROMA Á ROMA, O PEREGRINO!"

QUEVEDO.

Amidst these scenes, O pilgrim, seek'st thou Rome?
Vain is thy search—the pomp of Rome is fled;
Her silent Aventine is glory's tomb;
Her walls, her shrines, but relics of the dead.

That hill where Cæsars dwelt in other days,
Forsaken mourns, where once it towered sublime;
Each mouldering medal now far less displays
The triumphs won by Latium than by Time

Tiber alone survives: the passing wave,
That bathed her towers, now murmurs by her grave,
Wailing, with plaintive sound, her fallen fanes.
Rome! of thine ancient grandeur all is past,
That seemed for years eternal framed to last:
Nought but the wave—a fugitive—remains!

GOD IS LOVE.

While seraphim are singing
Thy praises, Lord, on high,
And heaven's arches ringing
Above the starry sky,—

On smiling vale and mountain
Thy mercies' dews descend,
Drawn from the sacred fountain,
Still flowing without end.

Sunbeams the earth enlighten,
And shades of midnight go:
Thy smiles of love thus brighten
Life's darkest scenes below.

Man, beast, air, earth and ocean,—
Beneath, around, above,—
And seasons in their motion,
All, all are full of love.

With "God is love" each leaflet
Is written o'er and o'er;
I bless the mystic letters,
Inwove with heavenly lore.

But none of these can ease us,
Our guilt and sin subdue,
Until the dying Jesus :
On Calvary we view.

In him, the burning centre,
These scattered beams combine ;
On thee, on thee I venture,
Mirror of love divine.

When saddening shades around me
Are falling from above,
And troubled thoughts confound me,
Oh ! whisper, " God is love."

Thy love, oh ! let me taste it,
When pangs of death are nigh,
And keep me like a bracelet,
Or apple of thine eye.

Soon gales divine shall fan us,
In paradise above ;
Oh ! then, with glad hosannas,
We'll hail the God of love.

IOTA.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF THE LATE

RIGHT HONORABLE SELINA, COUNTESS DOWAGER OF HUNTINGDON.

THE biography of pious persons, who have devoted their lives to the benefit of mankind, and to the glory of God, is an acknowledged source of pleasure and profit.

It is a species of writing possessing peculiar attraction, from its delineating the qualities and actions which mark the subject of its record. And when there is the stamp of divine approbation on personal character, how interesting is the biographic page, and with what satisfaction do we trace the object of our attention through the various scenes of life, to the chamber of death, and even to the very gate of heaven! From the long roll of eminent persons, whose hereditary honors, or mental attainments, whose heroic deeds, or consummate skill in directing the affairs of nations, might diversify the extended narrative, it is not difficult to select examples for the entertainment and instruction of man-

F Hurlstone Pinx^t

J. Huntingdon

kind. But to record the character of the illustrious lady whose name stands at the head of this article, is to describe piety, benevolence and zeal in the best of causes, which succeeding generations may admire when warriors and statesmen are known no more.

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, a descendant of the house of Shirley, was the daughter of Washington, Earl Ferrers, and was born August 24, 1707. In early life, when only nine years old, seeing the corpse of a child about her own age carried by to the grave, she was led to attend the funeral. There she received the first impressions of deep concern respecting an eternal world; and with many tears she cried earnestly on the spot to God, that, whenever he should be pleased to call her hence, he would deliver her from all her fears, and give her a happy departure.

She frequently after visited the grave, and always retained a lively sense of the affecting scene. Though no views of evangelical truth had hitherto opened on her mind, yet, even in her juvenile days, she often retired to her closet, and, in all her little troubles, found relief in pouring out her requests unto God.

When she grew up, and was introduced into the world, she constantly prayed that she might marry into a serious family. No branch of the peerage maintained more of the ancient dignity of English nobility, or was more amiable in a moral point of view, than the house of Huntingdon, which, as well

as the house of Shirley, bore the royal arms of England, as descendants from her ancient monarchs.

With the head of that family, Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon, she became united on the third of June, 1728.

In this high estate, she maintained a deportment peculiarly serious. Though sometimes at court, and visiting in the highest circles, she took no pleasure in the fashionable follies of the great. And when in the country, she delighted to scatter her bounty among her neighbors and dependants, with a liberal hand, endeavoring by prayer, and fasting, and alms-deeds, to commend herself to the favor of the Most High, and to establish her own righteousness before him. Lady Betty and Lady Margaret Hastings, Lord Huntingdon's sisters, were women of singular excellence. Lady Margaret was brought to the saving knowledge of the gospel under the preaching of the zealous Methodists of that time.

Conversing one day with Lady Margaret, on the subject of religion, Lady Huntingdon was very much struck with one expression which she uttered, —that "since she had known the Lord Jesus Christ, and believed in him for life and salvation, she had been as happy as an angel." To happiness like this, arising from the favor of God, Lady Huntingdon felt that she was as yet a total stranger. Soon after this circumstance, a dangerous illness brought her to the brink of the grave: the fear of death ex-

cited terrors in her mind, and her conscience was greatly distressed.

Under these affecting circumstances, the words of Lady Margaret forcibly recurred to her recollection, and she felt an earnest desire to cast herself wholly upon Christ for salvation, with a determination to renounce every other hope. She instantly lifted up her heart to Jesus the Saviour in importunate prayer; her distress and fear were speedily removed, and she was filled with joy and peace in believing.

Her disorder soon took a favorable turn, and she was not only restored to perfect health, but, what was infinitely better, she was raised to newness of life. From that period, she determined to offer herself to God, as "a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable," which, she was now convinced, was her "reasonable service." The change which divine grace thus wrought in her was soon observed by all around, in the open confession which she made of the faith once delivered to the saints, and by the zealous support which she began to give to the cause of God, amidst all the reproach with which it was attended. She had set her face as a flint, and was not ashamed of Christ or his cross.

There were not wanting some who, under the guise of friendship, wished Lord Huntingdon to interpose his authority; but, although he differed from her ladyship in his views of religion, he continued to manifest the same affection and respect.

Some of the dignitaries of the church were not so candid and liberal as his lordship, as appears from the following authentic anecdote. Lady Huntingdon, one day, in conversation with Dr. Benson, bishop of Gloucester (who had been the tutor of Lord Huntingdon, and had ordained Mr. Whitefield), pressed him so hard with the articles and homilies, and so plainly and faithfully urged upon him the awful responsibilities of his station, that his temper was ruffled, and he rose in haste to depart, bitterly lamenting that he ever had laid hands on George Whitefield, to whom he imputed, though without cause, the change produced in her ladyship.

"My lord," said she, calling him back, "mark my words: when you come upon your dying bed, that will be one of the few ordinations you will reflect upon with complacence." It deserves remark, that Bishop Benson, when near death, sent ten guineas to Mr. Whitefield, as a token of his regard, and begged to be remembered by him in his prayers. It is greatly to be regretted, that the splendid talents of Dr. Southey, which might have served his generation to so much better purpose, should be prostituted to the work of sarcasm, ridicule and contempt. These he has unblushingly heaped upon the countess. In his Life of Wesley, he insinuates that her religion originated "in a decided insanity in her family;" and tells us truly, that all the arguments of Bishop Benson "were ineffectual to bring her to a

saner sense of devotion." He thus relates the first part of the anecdote, but has omitted the latter part, whether from ignorance or design must be left for him to determine.

Lady Huntingdon's heart was now truly devoted to God, and she resolved that she would lay herself out to do good to the utmost of her ability. The poor around her were the natural objects of her attention. These she bountifully relieved in their necessities, visited in sickness, conversed with, and led them to the throne of grace, praying with them and for them. The Prince of Wales once asked Lady Charlotte E. where Lady Huntingdon was, that she so seldom visited the court. Lady Charlotte replied contemptuously, "I suppose praying with her beggars." The prince shook his head, and said, "Lady Charlotte, when I am dying, I think I shall be happy to seize the skirt of Lady Huntingdon's mantle."

During Lord Huntingdon's life, his countess warmly espoused the cause of God and truth, though her means of usefulness were necessarily circumscribed, and her family engagements occupied much of her time and attention. On his demise, he left her the entire management of her children and of their fortunes, which she improved for their advantage with the strictest fidelity. Having become her own mistress, she resolved to devote herself wholly to the service of Christ and his church. Her zealous heart embraced with cordiality all whom she

esteemed real Christians, whatever their denominational sentiments might be; but her own opinions were in unison with those ministers who were Calvinistic, according to the evident and literal sense of the church of England.

With an intention of giving these good men a greater scene of usefulness, she opened her house in Park street, London, for the preaching of the gospel, supposing that as a peeress of the realm, she had an indisputable right to employ, as her family chaplains, those ministers whom she preferred.

On week-days, her spacious kitchen was filled with the poor of the flock, for whom she provided instruction; and, on the Lord's day, the great and noble were invited to spend the evening in her drawing-room, where the Rev. Messrs. Whitefield, Romaine, Jones, and other able ministers of Christ, were heard with deep and serious attention. The illness of her youngest son, which proved fatal, had led her ladyship to Brighton, for the sake of sea-bathing. There her active spirit produced some awakening among the people; for it was her practice to visit the habitations of the poor, and to converse with them respecting the concerns of their souls. Encouraged by these attempts to promote the spiritual benefit of others, and by the happy effects of the preaching of the Rev. George Whitefield in that town, Lady Huntingdon was induced, in the year 1761, to erect a place of worship in North street, Brighton. The expense of this edifice she defrayed

in part by the sale of her jewels (diamonds and pearls), to the amount of six hundred and ninety-eight pounds fifteen shillings!

> Exalted soul, that thus could'st treat
> The toys thy sex esteem so high!
> Thou, when God's jewels are complete,
> Shalt shine a diamond in the sky.

The success attending this first effort encouraged her to proceed, and, in a few years, several other towns received the gospel by her means.

In selecting preachers for the supply of her chapels, Lady Huntingdon at first confined herself to the ministers of the established church, many of whom accepted her invitation, and labored in the places which she had opened. But, her zeal enlarging with her success, and many persons in different parts of the kingdom soliciting her assistance, she set up the standard of the gospel, and purchased, built, or hired, large and commodious chapels for the performance of divine service in the principal towns and cities. As these multiplied in England, Ireland, and Wales, the ministers who had before labored for her ladyship were now insufficient for the task.

In order, therefore, to provide more fully for the work, she retired into Wales, where she founded a college in the parish of Talgarth, Brecknockshire, which was publicly opened by the Rev. George Whitefield, August 24, 1768, being the anniversary

of her ladyship's birth. The college was provided with able teachers, and soon filled with students; and from thence were sent forth the requisite supplies for the numerous congregations under her patronage. Their ministry was greatly blessed, and the accounts of their success animated her to still further exertions. Her correspondence with them, in order to regulate and provide a constant supply, was a labor to which her active spirit alone was equal.

Though Lady Huntingdon devoted the whole of her income to the gospel, yet it is not a little surprising how it sufficed for the heavy expenditure which she necessarily incurred.

Her jointure was no more than twelve hundred pounds a year; nor was it till after the death of her son, a few years preceding her own, that she had the addition of another thousand. She often involved herself in expenses for building chapels, which she found it burdensome to discharge; but Divine Providence always brought her through her engagements with honor, and provided a supply when her own purse was exhausted. A gentleman who assisted her in the management of Spa Fields' chapel, called one day at her house, to expostulate with her on the imprudence of entering into engagements for another chapel in the metropolis, expressing his fears that her means would not allow her to fulfil them. Before he left the house, her letters arrived. As she opened one, her countenance

brightened, and her tears began to flow. The letter was as follows: "An individual who has heard of Lady Huntingdon's exertions to spread the gospel, requests her acceptance of the enclosed draft, to assist her in the laudable undertaking." The draft was for £500, the exact sum for which she stood engaged. "Here," said she, "take it—pay for the chapel—be no longer faithless, but believing."

Lady Huntingdon's person, endowments, and spirit, were all uncommon. She was rather above the middle size; her presence noble, and commanding respect; her address singularly engaging; her mind acute, and formed for business; her diligence indefatigable; and the constant labors of her correspondence is hardly to be conceived. During forty-five years of widowhood, she devoted her time, talents, and property, to the support and diffusion of the gospel. To the age of fourscore and upwards, she maintained all the vigor of youth; and though, in her latter years, a contraction of her throat reduced her almost wholly to a liquid diet, her spirits never seemed to fail. To the very last days of her life, her active mind was planning extensive schemes of usefulness for the spread of the gospel of Christ. Her most distinguished excellence was, the fervent zeal which always burned in her breast, to make known the glad tidings to all the dwellers upon earth. This no disappointments quenched, no labors slackened, no opposition discouraged, no

progress of years abated: it flamed strongest in her latest moments. The world has seldom seen such a character. But she was not perfect—this is not the lot of mortals on this side of the grave. When the moon walks heaven in her brightness, her shadows are most visible. Lady Huntingdon was in her temper warm and sanguine: her predilections for some, and her prejudices against others, were sometimes too easily adopted; and by these she was led to form conclusions not always correspondent to truth and wisdom.

In the month of November, 1790, her ladyship broke a blood-vessel, which was the commencement of her last illness. On that occasion, being asked how she did, by Lady Ann Erskine, she replied, "I am well! all is well! well forever! I see, whether I live or die, wherever I turn my eyes, nothing but victory." As death approached, she often repeated, with great emphasis, "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh! O Lady Ann, the coming of the Lord draweth nigh!" adding, "The thought fills my soul with joy unspeakable."

At another time, she said, "All the little ruffles and difficulties which surround me, and all the pains I am exercised with, in this poor body, though many, affect not the settled peace and joy of my soul." To a friend who called on her a few weeks before her death, she said, "I see myself, a poor worm, drawing near to Jesus. What hope could I entertain, if I did not know the efficacy of his blood, and turn

to this hold, as the prisoner of hope? How little could any thing of mine give a moment's rest to a departing soul! so much sin and self are mixed with the best, and that best is always so short of what we owe! 'Tis well for us that he can pity and pardon; and we have confidence that he will do so. I confess, I have no hope, but that which inspired the dying malefactor at the side of my Lord; and I must be saved in the same way, as freely, as fully, or not at all." A few days before her decease, she said, "I cannot tell you in what light I now see these words—'If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.'—To have in this room such company, and to have such an eternal prospect! I see this subject now in a light impossible to be described. I know my capacity will then be enlarged; but I am now as sensible of the presence of God, as I am of the presence of those I have with me."

On the very day of her death, she expressed to the Rev. Dr. Haweis, in the strongest manner, her desire to send missionaries to Otaheite; but, as this was impossible, she urged him, with affecting and powerful arguments, to do all in his power to accomplish so desirable an object. He promised her he would; and the Christian world is not ignorant of his fidelity and liberality in fulfilling his promise. She had often in her lifetime mentioned, that, from the moment that God pronounced the

pardon of her sins, she had such a desire for the conversion of mankind, that she compared herself to a ship in full sail before the wind, and that she was carried on by divine influence to this glorious work. Almost her last words were, "My work is done; I have nothing to do but to go to my Father." Her ladyship died at her house in Spa-Fields, June 17, 1791, in the 84th year of her age, and was interred in the family vault at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in Leicestershire. The mournful event was improved at Spa Fields' chapel on Lord's day, July 3, by the Rev. David Jones, of Llangan, who preached from Genesis l. 24—"And Joseph said unto his brethren, I die, and God will surely visit you."

Thus terminated a laborious and useful life, spent in the service of God, and for the good of mankind. Many, living and dying, blessed God for her, as having been the happy instrument of bringing them out of darkness into marvellous light; and multitudes, converted to God by the instrumentality of ministers in that connexion of which she was the patroness, have met her in the regions of glory, to rejoice together in the presence of God and the Lamb.

THE GOD OF ISRAEL.

"God is known in her palaces for a Refuge."

Psalm xlviii. 3.

Why wakes that moan of deep distress
In Pharaoh's halls of state,
Pealing through every long recess
In accents desolate?—
The monarch views his lifeless heir,
And trembles;—Israel's God is there.

A sound of revelry by night
Is heard in Babel's towers,
Where impious freaks of wild delight
Disturb the listening hours;—
The jealousy of Judah's fear
Burns, and 'tis silence deep and drear.

Sublime on Sion's holy ground,
A sacred fane appears;
And many a bulwark, stretched around,
Its massive front uprears;—
There God is for a Refuge known,
And there, on all the earth, alone.

Commingling there with choral lays,
  Sabean perfumes rise;
The frequent victim there portrays
  That future Sacrifice
Whose blood for human guilt should flow,
And let the trembling culprit go.

Salem, exult! thy God displays
  His adamantine shield;
Fearless thy 'habitant surveys
  The widely-tented field;—
The spoiler marks thee with his eye,
Scowls in despair,—and passes by.

B.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. JOSHUA TINSON,

ON HIS LEAVING ENGLAND TO ENTER UPON MISSIONARY LABORS IN THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA.

BY THE REV. I. P. SAFFERY.

Must Friendship's ties be rent anew?—
Yes, we must say, Farewell,
To one who always round us threw
A soul-enchanting spell.
Words can't impart
Our thoughts to you;
The throbbing heart,
The faint adieu,
The speaking eye, must tell.

And yet we would not have our will;
No! go beyond the sea;
The cause of God is dearer still,
And He will go with thee.
Like summer gales,
The breath of prayer
Shall swell thy sails,
And waft thee where
Our souls shall follow thee.

Though oft Jamaica's sickly breath
Has laid our envoys low,
And sealed their slumbers deep in death,
Yet do not fear to go;—
The voice of prayer
For thee shall rise,
To keep thee there,
'Midst burning skies,
From death's destructive blow.

When to their chieftain's trophied tomb
The Grecian heroes came,
Undaunted by his mournful doom,
And fired by valor's fame,
They there adored
Their gods, and swore
To sheath the sword
From thence no more
While Freedom urged her claim.

So when the hallowed graves appear
Where Rowe and Kitchen lie,
Then dash away the starting tear,
Nor heave one trembling sigh;
But swear by him
Who ever lives,
You'll give to him
The life he gives,
Nor fear for him to die!

Yes, go, the Spirit's sword to wield ;
Our prayers shall guard your way,
Till triumphs grace the bloodless field,
And captive souls obey.
Go, break their chains,
Spoil Satan's wiles,
Till Jesus reigns
O'er Western Isles,
And millions own his sway!

EVENING AMONGST THE ALPS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MODERN GREECE."

Soft skies of Italy, how, richly dressed,
Smile these wild scenes in your purpureal glow!
What glorious hues, reflected from the west,
Float o'er the dwellings of eternal snow!

Yon torrent, foaming down the granite steep,
Sparkles, all brilliance, in the setting beam;
Dark glens beneath in shadowy beauty sleep,
Where pipes the goatherd by his mountain-stream.

Now from yon peak departs the vivid ray,
That still at eve its lofty temple knows;
From rock and torrent fade the tints away,
And all is wrapped in twilight's deep repose:
While through the pine-wood gleams the vesper star,
And roves the Alpine gale o'er solitudes afar.

REMARKS.

UPON THE CHARACTER OF THE LATE EMPEROR OF FRANCE, NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY THE REV. JOHN STYLES, D. D.

In tracing the character of the ambition which rendered Napoleon the scourge of the human race, I shall be guided, not by any mere human estimate of this most fatal and anti-social passion, but by the dictates of the Holy Scriptures. The Bible reveals all its objects in the light of eternity. It always connects earth with heaven, and man with God. Thus, in the sacred page, we are enabled to perceive the truth of every thing, and to estimate persons and events, not as they appear to the short-sightedness of man, but as they are in themselves; and it not unfrequently happens that the good and the evil, the great and the insignificant, in the book of the world, have their characters totally reversed in the book of God. For instance, men glorify ambition. In human apprehension, it is only another name for greatness; and, wherever it strongly exists, it is supposed to mark out its possessor as one of the

master-spirits of the world. It is the fervid theme of the historian, as he traces the progress of some exterminator of his species from obscurity to a throne: it glows and brightens in the poet's song; and the loftiest intellects have fallen prostrate at its shrine. The patriot, hero, and the warrior of freedom, are, indeed, sacred names; but, with such exalted beings, war has been an enforced necessity, not a voluntary choice. Their own aggrandizement has never been an object, but an accident; a means to bless others, and not an ultimate pursuit to deify themselves. A few such glorious individuals have, at distant intervals, adorned the earth, and elevated almost to divinity our weak and fallen nature. But these are not the world's favorites. Ambition, separated from love of country and of kind, has been, and still is, the god of its idolatry. Success, not character, commands its homage, and he who places himself at the summit of power is adored, though he wear the moral features of the prince of darkness; but let the same being fall from his giddy eminence, and his former worshippers become his accusers, and denounce, forsooth, the enormity of his crimes.

Ambition is essentially the same in every bosom that cherishes it. But why is it only execrated in the bosom of an enemy, or in him who is unfortunate? Human nature loves the principle, and only complains of it as an evil, when it directly suffers from its crimes. From our earliest infancy,

we are accustomed to dwell with admiration on the adventurous spirit, the daring energy, the wondrous exploits, of heroes and conquerors. We have heard the plaudits of their own and succeeding times, and have caught the infatuation. We despise avarice as the soul of the wretch; but ambition is only the glorious weakness of the lofty and the brave; and, till this moral delusion be banished from the world, till ambition is understood, loathed, and abhorred, as concentrating in itself all that is mean, as well as all that is wicked, we shall cherish in the heart of society its worst and most destructive enemy.

What, then, are the elementary principles that form the character of ambition, and that have been so imbodied in so many accursed tyrants and sanguinary conquerors? The great motive which always operates in the heart of the ambitious is self-aggrandizement. He is covetous of distinction, either of wealth, splendor or fame. In its lowest state, ambition is incompatible with the existence even of a solitary virtue; and, in its most exalted, it is prolific of every crime. It originates either in pride or vanity, or both; and it is, therefore, the energy of selfishness.

It cannot be happy while it has a superior to degrade, or a rival to subdue. It exacts, but never reciprocates. The ambitious man is without creed and without law. He fears not God, and therefore pays him no homage: he loves not his fellow creatures; therefore he never consults their interest or

happiness any further than they can be rendered subordinate to his own purpose.

In short, ambition is the practical annihilation of every being, and of every claim in the universe, which interferes with its gratification. It is petty or formidable, according to the intellectual character and accidental condition of the individual. It is the same principle which aims to supplant a village demagogue and to subvert a mighty empire. Great talents may for a time conceal its malignity; and, thus associated, it may command the thoughtless admiration of thousands. On the other hand, a wretch not two removés from idiocy or barbarism, born to empire, seized with this mania, and obeying its impulse with an inglorious stupidity, may excite the ridicule and abhorrence of the whole world. But what is the moral difference between the two? They are equally detestable, and ought to be equally detested. Whether it is the brilliant tail of a comet that sweeps and scathes the creation, or the dark earthquake that agitates its surface with universal ruin, they are both visitations of calamity.

The tiger and the hyena, though of different species, are equally beasts of prey; and the nobler animal, as he is called, though less despicable, is, therefore, an object of greater terror. It is impossible not to loathe the idiotic ambition of the *legitimate despots* of Europe; and it would fill us with just alarm did we not believe that the brute mass it puts in motion partakes of the imbecility of its masters; or were

we not led to hope, that it will, one day, like a machine ill managed, tear to atoms those who have touched its springs, but who know not how to direct its powers. But, when intellectual energy, united with a deep reach of policy, is rendered subservient to despotism; when the difference is between a Bourbon and a Bonaparte, though the latter, in the comparison, seems to be little less than "*archangel ruined*," yet he is, in his nature, as much the enemy of his species as the other, and far more to be dreaded, on account of his superior capacity.

What crimes may not a man perpetrate, who feels that, in the universe, there is none greater than himself; who is awed by no consideration of accountableness, and who identifies himself with destiny! This persuasion alone, in the mind of any mere creature, would deprave him into a demon. What, then, must be its influence over a being, who, under every restraint which can be imposed upon him, is "prone to evil as the sparks fly upwards?" That influence is strikingly exhibited in prophecy. Aiming at universal empire, the terrible and arrogant tyrant to whom it refers, is described as utterly devoid of pity and humanity—"*the feller of the fir-trees and the cedars of Lebanon;*" not merely the conqueror of monarchs and governments, but their destroyer. Cruel and rapacious in all his progress, he razed cities to their foundations, shook mighty kingdoms to their centre, turned the fair and fruitful world into a "*wilderness*," and made the very earth to

tremble; and in order that he might maintain his conquests, and keep down the spirit of resistance which tyranny never fails to provoke, "*he opened not the house of his prisoners, and ruled the nations in anger, and smote the people in wrath, with a continual stroke.*" What a picture is this of the modern conqueror!

Of this extraordinary man I wish to speak with the discrimination and candor of a Christian. It is not with his splendid deeds or magnificent projects as a sovereign, that we have now to do. Whatever they were, they were solely the work and the dream of his ambition. In the Christian view of his character, therefore, they are reduced to one simple principle, of which, whatever may be the actual results, the direct aim and operation are, to demoralize the heart in which it is cherished, and to sacrifice the most sacred rights of humanity.

Were I to be guided, in forming my estimate of the late exile of St. Helena, by the common principles of the world, by the principles which are equally maintained and acted upon by those that reverence and those that detest him; above all, were I to rest satisfied by comparing him with his heartless, imbecile and vindictive contemporaries, who wanted only his talents, his opportunities and resources, to render them all that they affect to condemn in him,—I should certainly pronounce him to have been a great man; but, judging of him by a totally different standard, and viewing him as separated from the bad things and the weak things around him,—taking

his *real* and not his relative *moral* dimensions,—I cannot award the character of greatness to one who never conceived a great and a magnificent idea that was not tarnished and diminished by the most undisguised *selfishness*, and who never formed a wish unconnected with the degradation and misery of his species.

Napoleon Bonaparte was not, in the Christian, in the noble, in the only *sense* of the phrase, a great man. His career was wonderful, and it can never be forgotten that he lived. But when the time shall come that men will estimate the distinguished of their species, not by their talents, but their virtues, and when superior philanthropy and goodness shall be the only passport to glory and renown,—then will the names of Bonaparte, of Alexander, and Cæsar, be associated in one common infamy.

It may be instructive to mark the growth and progress of Napoleon's ambition.

I behold him the child of obscurity, friendless and poor; unsustained by any very peculiar endowments of intellect and uncommon accumulation of knowledge, and who, had he been born under a quiet and firmly established despotism, would never have risen beyond the elevation of a general officer. He found himself, in the morning of life, amidst the elements of a revolution the most tremendous that ever changed the dynasty of kings or controlled the destiny of nations—elements which, in their strange and unnatural combinations, quickened into active

energy all the dormant powers of intellect and ambition which were to be found in a population of thirty millions. All this mighty energy was prevented from wasting itself in factious and internal commotions by the insane interference of European sovereigns and their armies. Thus were all the bowers of anarchy consolidated into one stupendous military establishment, which disciplined the entire people into soldiers, and animated them with the spirit of vengeance against their royal persecutors and their sanguinary slaves.

Struggling first for domestic liberty, and afterwards for national independence, France at last maintained a despotic rule over all Europe; and it was at the very crisis of her fate, that the military adventurer, who was destined to raise her to such disastrous greatness, first presented himself to public view. He sprung up the creature of circumstances; circumstances which, with the power they conferred, stimulated the worst and most formidable passions of human nature in a mind which, in point of moral sentiment, was at least three centuries behind the age in which it was suddenly called to act. A new world of forces was strangely committed to the hands of one who seized it with the avidity and the spirit of a being determined to employ it for himself alone; of one who felt a perfect contempt for his whole species, and disdained to conceal it. Power was his object, and he sought it by every means. Unmoved by justice, humanity, the faith of treaties,

or the execration of mankind, when power was to be grasped, he defied them all, and considered the possession of it more than a compensation for every sacrifice which he made to gain it. He rested his strength in physical force and military pomp. Moral energy he despised. He calculated on vice and the wicked passions of mankind as his auxiliaries; but he believed not in the existence of religion and virtue. He was not personally cruel, for he had a lion-like courage, and was a stranger to fear; yet, to secure his darling power, he suffered acts to be perpetrated in his name, which would have disgraced the weakest and most pusillanimous tyrant. Naturally austere, he seldom discovered any of the sympathies of humanity; and when he did, their ostentatious display justified the suspicion that he could not really feel them. His courage and his policy wanted the sanction of a good cause. He used the cant of liberty that he might more effectually enslave the dupes he despised; and when he talked of "the glory of France," it was evident that he meant her complete subjugation to his despotic will.

He did not often condescend to vail his designs in the mask of hypocrisy: yet, when it was the best means to effect his purpose, he was not reluctant to assume it; and it was a matter of perfect indifference whether it was the mask of religion, of chivalry, of liberality, or of science.

When virtues were deemed necessary to the accomplishment of his will, their counterfeits were

always at his command, and he acted them to the life. Some, who have drawn his character, have exhibited him as an inexplicable paradox of good and evil, and have assigned to him virtues and vices totally incompatible with each other, and which cannot possibly exist together in the same bosom. But it is not uncharitable to assume, that, in the soul of ambition, the bad was real, and the good a pretence. He that can assume any religion to suit a present purpose, must be in his heart a stranger to all religion; he that is habitually a calculator, can never be truly romantic; he that is essentially misanthropic,—and ambition is only another name for misanthropy,—can never be generous; and he that loves despotic rule, must be the enemy of knowledge. Those who knew him best, have declared that Bonaparte was the most selfish of mankind, and that whatever appeared sublime and dazzling in his character was calculated and artificial. When in the plenitude of his power, and before he had felt reverses, he imagined himself invincible, and acted the god, as if he were really omnipotent. He even announced the dethronement of kings before he had struck a blow to humiliate them, and imagined that it was only for him to will, and empires must obey his nod. He boldly declared to the world that it was madness, and even impiety, to resist him. Yet might the most superficial observer have perceived, that, in the enormity of his power, there was nothing inherent, nothing permanent. He had made it a

despotism; he had separated the interests and liberties of the people from the government, and the immense materials which he had moulded for conquest were held in his single grasp. His whole system, if system it might be called, proceeded upon the fatal principle that the many are made for one. Whatever benefits he conferred upon France, with whatever spoils he enriched her capital, and whatever splendor he connected with her name, it was not for her, but for him. His spirit was that of the haughty monarch who exclaimed, "*Is not this great Babylon which I have built?*" If by his rule the French nation acquired energy, it lost repose; if it rose to military glory, that glory was purchased by the sacrifice of every social tie and domestic joy. Every private dwelling was a military school, and the whole country displayed the gorgeousness and parade of a camp. It was necessary that a nation of soldiers should constantly labor in their vocation, both for the sake of keeping up their discipline, giving them employment, and furnishing them with support.

They were therefore conducted by their rapacious chief to the territories of surrounding states, and derived their subsistence from the plunder of unoffending nations. In order to maintain the momentum necessary for permanent conquest, all Europe was laid under contributions to France, and her very name, associated with the character of her ruler, became terrible to the whole civilized world.

It was universally known, that the greatest power ever wielded upon earth was in the hands of a man who was capable of every refinement of dissimulation and every artifice of perfidy; who would shrink from no excess of barbarity, however atrocious, in the prosecution of his views. Indeed, it was to this, principally, that the tyrant owed his destruction. All the nations of the earth felt that, however oppressive were their own governments, a military despot could not set them free, and that a French invasion was but another name for confiscation, plunder, and massacre. Wherever the armies of the conqueror had penetrated (and their shock was felt through the universe), what horrors were presented to the moral imagination!

Let us transport ourselves to the scene where this great captain of the age gathered his laurels. Let our fancy visit the continent at the precise moment when the tyrant's will was law. Let us learn his character,

> "Where, sunk by many a wound, heroic states
> Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown
> Of hard ambition; where the generous band
> Of youths, who fought for freedom and their sires,
> Lie side by side in blood; where brutal force
> Usurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp
> Of guardian power, the majesty of rule,
> The hood, the laurel, and the purple robe,
> To poor dishonest pageants, to adorn
> A robber's walk, and glitter in the eyes
> Of such as bow the knee."

Behold the proud monarch of many crowns, and ask the price of his elevation. Alas! his throne "is erected in a stall of slaughter, and environed by a lake of blood." Those diadems, that dazzle the eyes of admiring vassals, were purchased by the destruction of *three millions* of human beings; to each of whom God had given life, and friends, and comfort, and joy. But the bawble of empire, the monster, who declared that his heart was in his head, sacrificed them all as a matter of mere calculation, without either pity or remorse. He once declared, that the most impressive scene he had ever witnessed was at the battle of Leipsic, when he saw, at one moment, seventy thousand troops struggling in the conflict of death. And with what emotions he viewed the conflagration of Moscow—an event which was at once the effect and the ruin of his ambition—we also learn from his own testimony:—"It was," he exclaims, "the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame; mountains of red, rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth, and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh! it was the most grand, the most sublime, the most terrific sight, the world ever beheld!" Thus did this murderer of millions, this destroyer of cities, that shook kingdoms, and made the earth to tremble, regard the atrocities he committed. Like some malignant being from

another sphere, commissioned for a season to be the curse and the scourge of humanity, he was unwearied in the work of destruction; but Heaven at length arrested his progress, and his fall was as rapid as his elevation. It produced, throughout the civilized world, mingled astonishment and exultation; the cedars of Lebanon, the trees of the forest, and the very underwood, the brambles and the creepers, clapped their hands for joy. The terrified birds of prey, that "hid themselves, and did not dare to peep, or mutter, or move the wing, while he gathered, as a nest, the riches of the nations," now adjusted their plumes, and spread their pinions in the sun, to hover with delight over the ruined majesty they no longer feared. Some believed not for joy, and wondered: others, affected at the vicissitudes of human greatness, exclaimed, "How are the mighty fallen!" while multitudes, struck with the contrast between the exile of a barren rock, and the mighty conqueror of nations, were heard to utter the sublime apostrophe, "*Is this the man that made the earth to tremble? that did shake kingdoms? that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof? that opened not the house of his prisoners?*"

And, now he is in his tomb, what avails his former grandeur and power? A few years since, and his command was destiny; his eye glanced favor or terror, and the raising of his hand was death or life to millions:—but what is he now?

"His mandate is a thunder-peal that died
In ages past; his gaze a transient flash
On which the midnight closed; and on his arm
The worm has made his meal."

It has been said, that "his whole history was like a dream to the world, and that no man can ever tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie." It is indeed true, that his career was rapid, brilliant, appalling; that, like a bright meteor, he shone for a short season in the heavens, and then fell, in showers of blood and vengeance, upon the earth. It is equally true, that, having more good at his disposal than any other potentate of any former age, he actually employed his immense resourses to the production of a greater share of mischief and misery to his fellow-creatures; and that, while, on the basis of French liberty, he might have founded that of every other state in Europe, he carried on a series of oppressions against foreign states, to divert the minds of his own subjects from the sense of their domestic slavery; thus imposing upon foreign nations a necessity for aiming to shake off his yoke, and affording to other despots a pretext for following his example. It must also be admitted, that the crimes of Bonaparte are more to be abhorred than those of other denaturalized creatures, whose actions are painted in history, because the author of those crimes was guilty with less temptation, and sinned in the presence of a clearer light. Yet we are at no loss to account for his existence, elevation, and ruin.

THE HINDOO WIDOW

A Fragment,

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

On Poonah's plains, behold the fragrant pile,
Around whose summit orient garlands smile:
Columns of teak support the ponderous frame,
That bears the victim of devouring flame,
For whom yon *sable widow* dares deny
The feelings of her sex, and proudly die.
Her last ablutions o'er, the dame ascends
The river's bank, amidst surrounding friends;
Her steadfast eyes the mind's devotion tell,
Scarce raised to bid the weeping train farewell!
The chosen Brahmins, with applauding voice,
In her unshaken fortitude rejoice,
Her blind obedience bless with fond regard,
And falsely promise a divine reward!
With dauntless step, she mounts the bier above,
And clasps the breathless husband of her love;
The demon executioner applies
The torch of hell—the glimmering flames arise.

BURNING OF A WIDOW IN INDIA.

Now, lest the mind its energies forego,
And yielding Nature utter shrieks of wo,
The trumpets pour their ceaseless clamors round,
And in rude shouts the groans of death are drowned.
Pillars of fragrant smoke o'erwhelming rise
And veil the mouldering shrine from gazing eyes;
Till now they drive before the moaning wind,
And but a heap of embers leave behind.
Yet shall this horrid immolation long
Live in Brahmanic praise and Eastern song!
Such awful rule has sin, the tyrant, gained,
By custom fostered, and by craft sustained!

Columbia's daughters! highly favored race!
Adore the God of providence and grace,
Whose mercy fixed your habitation's bound
Beneath the glorious gospel's charming sound;
Whose laws, supremely clement, wise and good,
Require no penance stained with human blood.
Oh! pour on India revelation's light,
To chase the gloom of error's seven-fold night;
Shake Satan's tottering kingdom from its base.
And found Immanuel's empire in its place.

H.

ODE TO THOUGHT.

Thought! thou wondrous, wondrous thing,
On thee I muse, of thee I sing;
And, while my spirit rolls along
Her mortal dwelling-place,
Thou theme of my inquiring song,
'Tis thou thyself must trace.
Oh! 'tis a clime of breadth unknown,
Where no horizon bounds the sky;
Yet that vast breadth I call my own,
Far as my plumes can fly.
This orb terrene,
This busy scene,
How soon in thought I sweep it round!
Then I look upward through the air,
And see imperial regions there—
Oh! could I rise, and reach that holy ground!

Thought was not given for grovelling here,
Where every spot with sin is fraught:
Ah! no; 'tis heaven's majestic sphere
Which is vernacular to Thought.
But still, environed by a mass
Of intercepting clay,

She sees but darkly through a glass
Those lands to which she soon must pass,
Those searching lands of glowing, godlike day.

O Thought! thou deep, exuberant fount,
Where will thy flowings end?
Thy channels can I e'er recount?
No! my best talents they surmount,
Although on them my strains depend.
Thou emanation of my soul,
Why does thy stream so devious roll?—
So devious roll,
Beyond control,
When sin impels it strongly on?
But when I wish thy tide to rise,
It straight recedes before my eyes,
Till every wave is gone.

Thought! what a wondrous thing thou art!
Wild rover, never known to rest;
Thy flight more agile than the dart
That perforates the breast.
But why, thou low, degenerate thing,
Why thus direct thy viewless wing
To hunt a phantom, far beneath a thought?
The wind that vibrates from thy plumes,
Fans it still farther from those glooms,
Where many a shade reality assumes,
But, once possessed, returns to nought!

This thought, my soul, is that to thee
Which constitutes thyself to be;
For God's own breath infixed it there!
So one short suppliant thought can rise
Through clouds, and stars, and suns, and skies,
With seraphs' songs to share;
And one short thought deserves a hell,
Where thought must ever, ever swell
The fountain of their fiercest wo,
That no reprieve of thought can know.

Oh! what a marvellous thing is thought!
With vast, terrific mysteries fraught!
It is a space so deep and wide,
That not all heaven its depth can hide!
Full many a crown effulgent stands
Unclaimed on Jesus' golden lands;
Full many a weight of glory rests
Implanted on Jehovah's guests.
But thought insatiate still must be,
Though feeding on eternity.
O God! thou breathest through my soul
These thoughts that never ceasing roll:
Then turn their wandering bias round
From earth to supramundane ground;
Guide the rover, Jesus, guide
To thy lacerated side.
My soul, behold, those tides divine
Must rise to wash a thought of thine.

Could I remember this, my Lord,
When thought indulges sin,
I'd invocate thy two-edged sword
To hurl the rebel from within.
Let, let not Thought enamored be
With earth, nor heaven, nor ought but Thee!
Chain her, oh! chain her to thy throne;
May she be thine, and not my own;
That I may ripen for the day
When Thought from Thee shall never stray.

CLARISSA.

RELIGION NOT A HINDERANCE TO THE STUDENT.

BY REV. IRAH CHASE.

To deter men from a serious and timely attention to religion, every expedient has been tried which subtlety could devise; every passion has been enlisted; all the corrupt propensities of human nature have been flattered and caressed; and, as if our evil inclinations were not sufficient, resort has been had to representations the most palpably erroneous. It has been asserted, that religion tends to impede the student's progress in science and literature.

This assertion, coming as it does from those who claim for themselves all the light of reason and philosophy, is well calculated to influence the youth of brilliant talents. He contemplates, with delight and admiration, the characters of those whose genius has thrown around them a dazzling lustre. High above the region of moral and political fluctuations he sees them enthroned on the esteem of the world, and crowned with garlands, which, amidst the frost of a thousand winters, perpetually blossom and flourish. He discovers, in that exalted station, many

a vacancy yet to be filled. Encouraged by promising abilities, and impelled by an ardent desire of commanding the admiration of his contemporaries, and the applause and homage of posterity, he sighs for literary eminence. He resolves to make every exertion to gain some envied seat among the illustrious objects of his veneration. But when he thinks of his duty to God, and his obligation to obey the gospel, he is told that religion would blast his fairest hopes; that it is hostile to rational investigation; that it distracts the attention from scientific pursuits; and that it robs genius of its splendor.

Illiberal and erroneous as this account of Christianity must appear to every candid inquirer, it has had many supporters. It has been too much believed; and, among a certain class of persons, its influence has been great and lamentable.

So far, however, is Religion from discouraging philosophical inquiry, that she holds out to it the strongest and most noble incentives. Which, we would ask, has the greatest inducement to investigation, he who views the operations of the material system as the contrivance of infinite wisdom and benevolence, or he who sees in that system no design, no superintending Providence, nothing but a huge mass of matter thrown together by chance, put in motion by chance, and by chance liable, every moment, to stop its movements, or to revert to primitive chaos, or to sink into non-existence? What person has not stronger motives to analyze the

powers, and trace the workings of a mind destined to immortality, than to perplex himself concerning any number of mere animal instincts which are soon to perish forever? Who would not deem it more important to establish rules for the regulation of beings on whose present conduct depends their eternal bliss or endless wo, than of creatures the consequences of whose actions can be, at most, but temporary? Religion, it is true, never attempts to teach earthly science. Her object is infinitely more grand and important. But she appeals to reason for proof of her divine origin. Many truths, indeed, she discloses, which human sagacity could never have ascertained. But in every declaration of hers, which is not absolutely *above* their province, reason and conscience echo to her voice.

Should it, at length, be admitted, that the Scriptures are not at variance with the language of enlightened reason, still the votary of science is told that a devout and scrupulous attention to their injunctions, will so divert him from his studies as to be detrimental to his progress.

To prove the erroneousness of this opinion, we might only point to many of those who have enlarged the boundaries of human knowledge, and ask, Were they not disciples of Christ? But, without adverting to those brightest luminaries that ever shone upon the regions of science, we are willing to rest our arguments upon the natural effect which true religion has upon the mind. To say nothing

of its preventing all those excessive gratifications of the senses, which are fatal alike to health of body and to vigor of intellect, what is its immediate effect upon those corroding anxieties and restless passions which distract the thoughts? It subjects them to the dominion of reason. By moulding the will to a cordial acquiescence in the divine government, it tranquillizes the soul, and prepares it for the most complicated and abstruse investigations. The Christian, *if he obey the dictates of his religion*, attends conscientiously to the preservation of his health. The prompt, and cheerful, and systematic use of all the appropriate means of preserving it, he regards as one of his primary duties; and the happy effect upon his real and lasting proficiency must be obvious. Frequent relaxation from study is absolutely necessary; and the time required to be spent in religious exercises is far from being lost, even if viewed only in reference to the natural influence upon intellectual progress. Such exercises, by calling off the mind from all perplexing subjects, and diffusing over it a dignified serenity, enable the Christian to resume his studies with fresh vigor and delight. His motives to diligent exertion must certainly be more powerful than any which can actuate the irreligious. The present world, viewed by itself, he indeed looks upon as vain and transitory. But, considered as the place allotted to prepare for an endless state of existence, it rises in his estimation to unspeakable importance. Every day is big

with everlasting consequences. He feels himself urged to activity by the most tremendous considerations, while he hears, as the voice of God, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." He is sensible of duties devolving upon him, which are intimately connected with the dearest temporal, as well as with the eternal interests of himself and of his fellow-men. Emoluments and fame, alluring as they are in themselves, he regards only as affording him the means of becoming extensively useful, and of gaining more noble objects. What others view as the ultimate reward of their labors, are with him inferior considerations, compared with the great object of his pursuits. He looks beyond the wreath that entwines the brow of the learned. He looks beyond the wealth and the applause of the world. He elevates his thoughts to the grandeur of his destiny, and seeks the approbation of his almighty Redeemer.

If, then, it appears that religion is not hostile, but friendly to scientific research, and that, instead of diverting the student from his pursuits, it is admirably adapted to purify and strengthen his mind, and excite him to industry, we have now only to inquire into the justness of the charge, that it robs genius of its splendor.

The effect here alleged, it is easy to perceive, must be produced either by diminishing the range of thought, or by blunting the sensibilities of the soul. The first supposition is too palpably absurd to be

seriously maintained. Religion presents scenes too grand for imagination to grasp. It furnishes ideas which not only fill, but expand and exalt the sublimest conceptions, and will continue to expand and exalt them forever. It adds immensity to our prospects, and infinity to our existence. It is also so far from tending to blunt the sensibilities of the soul, that it has precisely the contrary effect. By its influence the obdurate heart is softened, and the tenderest sympathies are awakened. Friends and companions, and the whole human species, appear more important in the scale of being; and, of course, the social and benevolent affections become more ardent. The mind is prepared for enjoying, in the highest degree, all the pleasures of taste. The works of nature, by being associated with "the first good and the first fair," appear with new beauties and peculiar charms. The passions, divested of all that is hateful, are not destroyed, but directed to proper objects; and, gathering strength from whatever is beautiful, affecting, or sublime, they greatly conduce to that ardor of feeling and glow of devotion, which never fail to exalt the natural powers of genius.

Examples in confirmation of these remarks, were it necessary, might be adduced; for they are innumerable. Many of them must be familiar to every well-informed and reflecting mind. A vast multitude rise at once to the view, eminent for religious devotion, and for splendor of talents. When this

is remembered in connexion with the fact that the whole number of real Christians has ever been small in comparison with that of those who have been of a different character, who does not perceive an evidence of the ennobling nature of genuine piety? And, with the considerations before us which have now been presented, who can doubt, that, whenever we find Christians of but inferior parts or attainments, we ought to ascribe their inferiority to some other cause than the tendency of religion?

"WILT THOU BE THERE?"

Wilt thou be there to gild that mournful scene,
When the dull stream of life shall feebly flow,
And earth shall be as it had never been,
With all its mingled hues of joy and wo?

Wilt thou be there when Friendship's fervent clasp,
And melting voice, and look, meet no return?
When silence follows the convulsive grasp,
And tremblingly I reach that awful bourn,
That hidden world, that undiscovered shore,
Where the faint gleams of lingering life decay;
And whence the pilgrim shall return no more
To tell the sorrows of his lonely way?
To raise my drooping hope—to hear my prayer?—
Source of undying light!—wilt thou be there?

T. W. H.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A DRAWING OF MOUNT VERNON,

THE SEAT OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

BY REV. WILLIAM JAY, BATH.

THERE dwelt the man, the flower of human kind,
Whose visage, mild, bespoke his nobler mind.

There dwelt the soldier, who his sword ne'er drew
But in a righteous cause, to freedom true.

There dwelt the hero, who ne'er killed for fame
Yet gained more glory than a Cæsar's name.

There dwelt the statesman, who, devoid of art,
Gave soundest counsels from an upright heart.

And, O Columbia, by thy sons caressed,
There dwelt the father of the realms he blest;
Who no wish felt to make his mighty praise,
Like other chiefs, the means himself to raise;
But there, retiring, breathed in pure renown,
And felt a grandeur that disdained a crown.

"THE EFFECTUAL FERVENT PRAYER OF A RIGHTEOUS MAN AVAILETH MUCH."

JAMES v. 16.

BY THE REV. JOHN HARRIS.

ALL who have made pretensions to religion, have uniformly assigned a distinguished place to the exercise and efficacy of prayer; and even they who have practically renounced religion, are generally found, in the hour of suffering or danger, to make an involuntary effort to call on the name of the Lord. The voice of nature, at such periods, overpowering the prejudices of irreligion, which had hitherto silenced it, asserts the power, the presence and the goodness of God, and invokes his favorable interpositions. But the Christian, taught by that Being who is at once the great Object and Spirit of prayer, avails himself of this holy exercise as of the richest privilege; not that he is always equally disposed to engage in it, but, having acquired this habit, and enjoyed the advantage of prayer, he can never allow himself to regard it merely in the light of an arbitrary duty, dangerous to be neglected, and therefore necessary to be performed. It is his meat and

his drink, the aliment which sustains and invigorates his spiritual life; he values it as the only channel of communication with his unseen and almighty Friend; he regards it as the instrument which allies his weakness to the power of God, and his emptiness and unworthiness to the grace that is in Christ Jesus. The Scriptures reveal the character of a Being who is infinite in wisdom, unchangeable in truth, and unlimited in power and benevolence. Prayer allies the believer to all these perfections, and makes them all virtually his own. They lay open to his view the economy of redemption, with all its blessings of pardon, adoption, and complete preparation for heaven. By prayer, the believer appropriates all these blessings to himself; they tell him of a world where all is pure, and glorious, and happy; he prays, and becomes entitled to it, prepared for it, and soon receives the call to enter on its richest joys. Nor is the efficacy of prayer confined to the believer himself: it places him in a new relation to all around him. He was needy, and helpless, and unable to take a single step toward the accomplishment of his own salvation; but, having acquired the habit of prayer, he can contribute largely toward the salvation of others. It is an invisible cord by which he can draw them toward heaven; it invests him with an indefinite power over the destiny and happiness of the world at large. Now, it is of intercessory prayer that the apostle speaks:—"Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that you may

be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." And, having illustrated the truth of this declaration, by referring to the prayers of Elijah, he concludes the epistle by saying, "Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him, let him know that he who converteth the sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins;" thus intimating that the salvation of a sinner, and even of an apostate, the most hopeless of sinners, is quite within the limits of prayer, and may be effected by it.

The text describes the character and efficacy of genuine prayer.

I. It describes the character of prayer.

* * * * *

It is inwrought by the energy of the Spirit. This is a characteristic of prayer suggested by the text; and most abundantly is it confirmed by the universal experience of believers and the testimony of the word of God:—"Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities; for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groaning that cannot be uttered; and he that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because he maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God."

* * * * *

He makes the believer a temple of the Lord, and graciously takes upon himself the office of con-

ducting the worship of this temple; he becomes the High-priest and Intercessor; he prepares and presents to God the welcome sacrifice of a broken and contrite heart; he calls the affections and desires of the soul away from the world, and brings them, like a company of humble worshippers, to the throne of God, and constrains all that is within the soul to bless his holy name. He so regulates and purifies the affections and desires, that they become, in effect, his own affections and desires; so that, when the believer gives utterance to them, the almighty Father regards them as the urgent desires of his own Spirit. Or, should the believer be unable to give full utterance to his desires; should he only be able to express them in sighs, and tears, and groans, he that searcheth the heart knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit; he that is always looking into the hearts of men, detecting all that is evil, and discerning and approving all that is good,—he knows, from the peculiar state of the mind, though no intelligible words have been uttered, that his Spirit has been operating there; he reads every thought, understands every desire, and recognises, with perfect ease, that these thoughts and desires are the well known operations of his Spirit; they perfectly coincide with his own divine will, and he therefore gratifies these desires and fulfils his own will at the same time. Now, it is only the utterance of such desires that can be regarded as genuine prayer; it is only such as have been excited and presented by

the great Intercessor within us, that the Almighty does or can regard. These alone, as they arise from a sense of need, and of the magnitude of the blessings sought, will be expressed and urged with becoming earnestness. We are naturally in the condition of Elijah when his altar and offering were immersed in water; the fire of heaven must descend, or we shall thus remain immersed.

It is only in proportion as the Spirit puts forth his energy within, that we put forth our energy at the throne of grace, and present the inwrought fervent prayer of a righteous man.

II. When the apostle declares that prayer of this description availeth much, he states the efficacy of prayer. Like every other means, prayer depends, for its efficacy, on the sovereign appointment of God; but, in the whole compass of divinely appointed means, prayer occupies the highest place, and possesses the mightiest efficacy. Passing by all inferior objects, all created agency, it makes a direct appeal to the throne of God; and it appeals to him in a manner and through a medium which has never failed—in the name and for the sake of his only-begotten Son. It enables the believer to take hold of his almighty strength; it identifies him with the Almighty; and so closely identifies him, that the voice of God declares, "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of mine eye:" it gives him immediate access to the treasury of the divine benevolence, so that, even in this world of danger and sin, he can

not only ward off and suspend around him every evil, but he can encompass himself with every good, as though he possessed an omnipotent charm; he can create around him an atmosphere of joy and happiness; it gives him access to the armory of God, and to all his resources of strength; so that, like the angel which had the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand, he can fetter the operations and restrain the power of the prince of darkness, or he can enter the field of conflict, and overpower him. It has been said that the smallest pebble cannot be thrown into the seas from our shores without producing *some* effect on the other side of the great Atlantic; but, without waiting to examine the truth of this assertion, it is only sober and undeniable truth to assert, that the humblest Christian cannot offer a single breath in prayer, which does not reach the throne of God, and become productive of effects which spread through the universe. "If ye abide in me," said Jesus, "and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." Here is an unlimited promise; and it cannot be pleaded in faith without producing unlimited effects. But the text directs our attention particularly to the efficacy of intercessory prayer. And here we are at once reminded of the numerous instances of its power, recorded, doubtless for our encouragement, in the word of God. Sodom and the cities of the plain are to be burnt from the face of the earth; but what is it

which for a time delays their doom, and gives them, humanly speaking, a probability of escape? It is the intercession of Abraham pleading with God, that fifty, or forty, or thirty, or twenty, or at least ten righteous men might be found there. The Israelites have made a molten image at the foot of the very mount on which the glory of God has descended. "And the Lord said unto Moses, I have seen this people, and, behold, it is a stiff-necked people; now, therefore, let me alone, that my wrath may wax hot against them, that I may consume them." And what could allay, at this fearful moment, the fierceness of his anger? What could restrain him from destroying them with the breath of his nostrils? The fervent, the impassioned intercession of Moses. It held back his uplifted arm; it changed the purpose of his heart; "and the Lord repented of the evil which he thought to do to his people." Again they incurred his displeasure by their rebellious discontent, "and the fire of the Lord burnt among them, and consumed them; and the people cried unto Moses, and, when Moses prayed unto the Lord, the fire was quenched."

Again they revolt, and murmur against the Lord; "and he said unto Moses, How long will this people provoke me? I will smite them with the pestilence, and disinherit them, and will make of thee a greater nation, and mightier than they." But again this intercessor prayed for them; and the Lord said "I have pardoned them according to thy word."

"Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are; and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain, and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months; and he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth fruit."

Prayer has suspended and controlled the elements and operations of nature; it has procured the ministry of angels; it has quenched the violence of fire that came forth from the Lord; it has arrested the progress of almighty displeasure; like the great Object to whom it is addressed, it operates silently and unseen, but irresistibly and universally. It has proved its unlimited efficacy in turning the sinner from the error of his ways, and saving a soul from death. This is the greatest, the most glorious triumph which it can achieve. It has raised the dead in sin, and brought the light of heaven into the benighted soul, and subdued the enmity and hostility with which it was armed; it has arrested the sinner at the gates of hell, transformed him, and lifted him up to the joys of heaven; it has saved his soul from death: and who, that has not looked into the region of perdition, that has not felt the gnawing of the undying worm, and the raging of the quenchless fire, can tell the meaning of that expression? It has instrumentally raised him to the enjoyment of heaven: and who, that has not been caught up to the third heaven, and beheld the unveiled glory of the Lamb, and heard the hymnings of the blessed,

and drank of the river of the water of life, can estimate fitly the import of that expression? But this is not all that intercessory prayer could effect;—its full efficacy is unknown; for it has never been tried. Like the elements of nature, it contains a power which, if put forth to the utmost, would infallibly change the face of the earth: and the day is hastening on, when its efficacy shall be tried on a scale before unknown; for all flesh shall come to pray before the Lord; and then it shall be found, that to pray is to use the mightiest instrument for the conversion of the world. Nor let us be deterred from trying the efficacy of intercessory prayer by the fear of failure. Our success may not equal our desires; but let us impress it on our minds, that our prayer, if earnest and importunate, availeth much. It may not procure for the object of our solicitude the desired good; but it may avert from him numerous evils; and, if so, it *availeth much*. It may not avail him so soon as our impatience would dictate; but, finally, it will avail, and avail him much. It will avail him more than any other means or instrument we can employ in his behalf. Yes! let it encourage us to persevere in prayer, when we reflect that, of all the instruments with which God has intrusted us for the benefit of the world, prayer is incomparably the most efficacious. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much;" how much, the day of judgment alone can fully disclose.

LINES

WRITTEN BY THE REV. WILLIAM JAY, OF BATH,

ON A VISIT TO HIS NATIVE VILLAGE (TISBURY),

IN AUGUST, 1800.

The way by which a gracious God
Has led me all my days,
Demands, on each review, a song
Of wonder and of praise.

His care, attending every step,
Was my perpetual guide;
His ear, attentive, heard my prayer;
His hand my wants supplied.

The course through which my journey ran
Was winding and unknown;
His Providence the scenes had planned,
And each appeared his own.

More, now, since first I left the spot,
Than twice eight years have fled,
And many, once who charmed my youth,
Are numbered with the dead.

'Twas here I drew my native breath,
Here fled my infant hours,
Here first I heard the gospel sound,
And felt its heavenly powers.

Now o'er my former walks I rove,
And fresh the scenes appear;
And *here* I poured an artless prayer,
And *there* indulged a tear.

Unknown to fortune and to fame,
My early years expired;
No science had enriched my mind,
Or hope my bosom fired.

But Heaven a WINTER thus addressed:
"This youth I charge on thee;
Go, take him; I the impulse gave;
And bring him up for me.

"Awaken thou each dormant power,
Chase every cloud away,
And on his understanding pour,
An intellectual day."

The tree which, in a barren soil,
Can no good produce bear,
Transposed, may flourish, and with fruit
Repay the dresser's care.

Winter, I love to think of thee,
And those dear hours review,
When, in thy house, and from thy lips,
I sacred wisdom drew.

Thy life, enforcing all thy rules,
Shed every grace abroad,
And thine example, all alive,
Portrayed the man of God.

Nor would I now the blessings lose,
Which from thy care have flowed,
For all the schools of fame have given,
Or colleges bestowed.

Here, O my soul, the time recall
When my commission came,
How blessed, when sixteen years had rolled
To preach a Saviour's name.

Poor Abington, among thy sons,
The shepherds of the plain,
My first attempt to preach was made,
Nor was it made in vain.

The cloudy pillar leading on,
Its motions I pursued,
Till o'er the city famed for cures
The holy symbol stood.

"Here," cried the voice, "thy station fix,
And here thy rovings end;
Here teach the words of endless life,
And here my charge attend.

"Proclaim a fountain nobler far
Than this Bethesda knows;
It's always open, always free,
And with salvation flows.

"The sons of pleasure here who come
Invite to real bliss;
He who another life secures
Can only relish this.

"Here Satan's seat exalted stands,
And vice in triumph reigns:
A crown for him who owns me here,
And all my truth maintains!"

O Lord, evince the choice thine own,
Which placed me where I move;
And, while thy people feel thy power,
May one a thousand prove!

Here I return, increased and blest
By all-indulgent Heaven:
My God the joys of wedded love,
And children, too, has given.

Yonder appears, by ——— led,
My lovely train in view!
My cherubs, round your mother play;
This scene shall end with you.

To raise an Ebenezer here,
My God, is surely just;
The motto, "Praise for all the past,
And for the future, trust!"

THE CHRISTIAN.

No victor's wreath adorned his humble brow;
On him no grateful nation proudly smiled;
With noiseless steps, he traced his way below,
Or through the flowery mead, or dreary wild.

Patient, unmoved, amid the varying scene,
His heart, and hope, and converse, were above;
In all the storms of grief, resigned, serene,
Held in the arms of everlasting love.

Speak, ye who stood around him in that hour,
When, faint and pale, he breathed his farewell sigh,
When hope's full bud was bursting into flower,
When light, when heaven, was dawning on his eye;
Say how he smiled, and pain and death defied,
Struggled to tell his mighty joys—and died.

T. W. H.

LINES

COMPOSED BY THE REV. DR. RYLAND,

THE DAY BEFORE HIS DEATH, APRIL, 1825.

Though often my mind is dejected,
  Yet will I not dare to repine;
My trials, I know, are selected
  By wisdom and mercy divine.

My Father's severest correction
  Shall work, in the end, for my good;
Nor ought I to doubt his affection,
  Though all be not yet understood.

Whatever to him brings me nearer,
  From earth and from sin weans my heart,
Makes Christ and his Spirit still dearer,
  I ought to receive in good part.

I know what perverse contradiction
  My dearest Redeemer once shared;
And light is my present affliction
  With joy everlasting compared.

Though never with evil infected,
  Yet, oh! how afflicted was he!
Despised by men, and rejected,
  And wounded and bruised for me!

'Tis surely enough for the servant
  To share the same fate with his Lord;
Were my zeal and affection more fervent,
  What suffering for him would be hard?

The conflict will shortly be ended;
  The conquest and crown are at hand;
When I, to his kingdom ascended,
  Secure in his presence shall stand.

That happiness daily expecting,
  In patience my soul I possess,
And, earth and its shadows rejecting,
  To glory eternal would press.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

BY THE REV. S. P. HILL.

To a mind that reflects much on the present condition of mankind, and longs to have it better than it now is, nothing can be more truly delightful than the bright hopes and glorious visions which the gospel paints on the future prospects of the world. It finds not, throughout its whole range of intellectual and scientific pursuit, a subject so congenial to its most exalted capacities, or so grateful to its loftiest aspirations. We feel, while contemplating this theme, that we are standing on solid ground; that we are giving to our powers their best exercise; that we are grasping at something substantial; and that we are entering a field of research which promises to the soul unlimited expansion. We behold, in the object of our meditations, the imbodied beauties, the living, breathing energies of the most powerful creations of genius and imagination; the real existence of all the beautiful forms of happiness and peace which ever philosophers have described or poets sung.

It cannot be doubted, that principles, which so vitally affect the destinies of the race, should take a

deep hold of the best sympathies of the human heart. We love them for the happy and cheering contrast they afford to the selfishness, passion and animosities which meet the retrospective eye, to the farthest limit of vision. We love them for their adaptedness to the noble and capacious powers of the soul. We love them for their fitness to gratify the most unbounded desires of doing good. We love them for their tranquillizing and holy influence, for their blissful hopes, and for their glorious rewards. The cause of Christianity we believe to be the cause of truth, of principle, of human happiness, and of God. We bring to its altar our highest admiration, our choicest energies and our warmest zeal. Interwoven, then, as are our dearest hopes with its success; committed to it as is the warmth of our affections,—we pause to contemplate some of the evidences of its universal triumph.

We recognise a cheering indication of this glorious result, in the enlargement of views which is obtaining on the social, and political relations of man. The narrow and stinted views entertained by Voltaire are now frowned upon with deserved contempt. Mankind are beginning to see, that they are dependent beings; and that society advances, and wealth increases, in proportion as all are prosperous alike; that, in fact, the whole human family have common ties and common interests; and that, consequently, the surest guarantee of individual and national prosperity, is the good of the whole. Such

views must have a tendency to bind men together in one friendly and endearing brotherhood; and, when they shall become general, the prejudices and animosities, which have hitherto "made enemies of nations," will be extinguished and forgotten. And we think, that we have already, in the happy tendency of such views, a pledge of the auspicious influence they are destined in future to exert. The intercourse which is now spreading so widely between the nations of the earth, is continually developing among them more close and interesting relations, and awakening a spirit of more enlarged benevolence. Now, we need not be told of the exact coincidence between these views and the precepts of Christianity; nor do we need proof that these very principles, which are found to harmonize so well with the best interests of man, and to which philosophers, after the severest thought, have been forced to come, may be traced to the Bible as their legitimate source. And it is a fact that is fraught with the highest interest, and which utters an irresistible voice in favor of that precious volume, that its instructions are as much now in the advance of society as they were when they were first promulgated: and hence we infer, that, as light and knowledge advance, these will be universally received and venerated.

Again; it will be admitted by every one, that there are certain virtues essential to the existence of every good government; such as frugality, industry, in-

telligence, and moral confidence. Where, then, do these virtues find their happiest soil? What is the vital principle, which gives them their activity and support? For an answer to these inquiries, we appeal to *fact*. Survey the mass of the world, and wherever you behold any thing delightful in social order, endearing in kind affections, sublime in just government, or cheering in domestic comfort,—there you may recognise an ardent attachment to the precepts of the gospel. Turn to a land on which the light of revelation has never shone, and all is overspread with desolateness and unbroken night. Go to those countries of moral darkness, on which only a few rays of gospel light have yet been thrown, and the contrast is as striking as impressive. Here you may behold the beauty of holiness, shining amid the wilderness of foul and fiendlike atrocities. The voice of pious affection, and the mellowed tone of Christian gratitude, will meet your delighted ear from the side of all that is unkind, and revengeful, and malignant, in savage passions. You may behold fields reposing in peace and clothed with verdure, amid vast tracts of entire sterility. But, to come nearer home, what gives vigor to our purposes, loveliness to our endearments, warmth to our affections, and elevation to our hopes? Why waits your child around your dying couch, with noiseless tread, with tender assiduity, and with softened tones of sympathetic kindness? Why looks not here the eye of the mother on the immolation of her infant?

Why do *we* not throw our bodies beneath the car of an idol god? Whence the difference between the refined politeness of a Christian assembly and the savage yell of a Hindoo sacrifice, or the infernal cruelty of the Roman amphitheatre? For this and for all the improvement which history traces on the face of society, since the Christian era, the Gospel claims the sole honor, and shows on her credentials the stamp and signature of heaven. What, then, may we not hope for the extension of principles so truly benevolent, so preëminently pure?

But much has already been done in subduing the passions, and overthrowing the idolatrous practices of the heathen: and hence we discern another pleasing vision of the future. On this point we cannot speak without admiration. Let an estimate be made, on common principles, of the chances of success that would attend the introduction of the gospel among the heathen; and when we take into account their savageness and extreme degradation; their jealousy of foreigners; their inflexible attachment to the customs and superstitious rites of their country; their shrewd and cavilling disposition; and their thousand abominable vices sanctioned by their law, and grown inveterate by indulgence;—besides all this, when we consider the apparently insuperable difficulties which are in the way of a missionary before he can even gain access to them, and the many obstacles which are constantly impeding his path afterwards;—let any one determine whether any

moral change could be effected in such a people by any thing short of almighty and creative power. And this power has been exerted. We have seen it exhibiting its divinest effects in renovating, stubborn and obdurate though it be, the heart of the savage idolater. Amid the ice-bound shores of Greenland; in the burning climes of Africa and India; on the lonely islands of the Pacific; in our own western forests,

> "Where rolls Ohio's streams, Missouri's floods,
> Beneath the umbrage of eternal woods,
> The Indian roved a hunter-warrior wild:
> On him the everlasting gospel smiled;
> His heart was awed, confounded, pierced, subdued,
> Divinely melted, moulded, and renewed:
> The base, bold savage, nature's harshest clod,
> Rose from the dust, the image of his God."

It would be interesting, in illustration of this particular, to trace the progress of the Gospel amid fiery trials and distresses, amid tears and blood, and to contemplate her glorious triumphs over all; to witness her emerging from clouds which had gathered fearfully round her, and threatened to shut in her last rays,—fairer and brighter than before, and pouring, with more intensity, on the world her holy and renovating light. But we pass from these reflections to glance only for a moment to that of encouragement, on which, as on adamantine pillars, our hopes of the universal spread of the gospel rest. We refer to the promise of God. Passages relating to this glorious result are inter-

woven throughout every prophecy, and form a distinguishing part of the whole volume of revaelation. How striking and impressive are the prospects of the gospel thus made to appear! Every desire we express, every effort we make, for the extension of divine truth, finds in God's own designs of mercy a sympathetic response; and for their gratification his own word is solemnly pledged.

Here, then, we ground our hopes of the future. We cherish, in consequence of these evidences, a belief which nothing can shake, that the gospel is destined to produce a most wonderful moral revolution in the religious, intellectual and economic condition of man; that its influence is to widen and deepen, till the whole world shall become a mountain of holiness, and a habitation for God. In the language of Foster, "What limit may a devout observer affix to his expectations? With the picture on his imagination, of the heathen world, as preserved authentic descriptions will agree in representing it, he may look over the ample region, to wonder what has become of that direful element, which was once perceived pervading and corrupting the whole wide diffusion of mental and moral existence. The dusky visages, the attire, the structures of habitations, the grand features of nature, will be seen the same; but a horrid something, composed of lies, and crimes, and curses, and woes, that did rest its deadly possession over all the land, will be broken up and gone. Where has a place been found, for what

occupied, for ages and ages, so many cities, and villages, and houses, and minds? What tempest has driven it away? What presence has been here which that presence could not abide?

"How will he exult in the palpable evidence, that the Son of God has spread his dominion from the southern shores towards the sublime mountain boundary of the region on the north; that the oracles of truth have taken place of the most silly, and loathsome, and monstrous legends, with which the father of lies ever made contemptuous sport of the folly of his dupes; and that the new religion, admitted in faith, has crowned itself and its believers with all its appropriate virtues!"

A YEAR OF LIFE.

BY THE REV. JOHN NEWTON BROWN.

I HAVE closed another year of life,
And commenced anew to-day;
And I fain would mark my spirit's strife,
To maintain her heaven-ward way.

Her heaven-ward way! And can it be,
That to heaven my path-way tends?
That, with calm and devoted constancy,
Toward heaven my footstep bends?

It does, it does, through richest grace!—
Though, from that blessed goal,
A wandering path I sometimes trace,
Yet God restores my soul.

Oh! let me weep over every track
Of error that mars my way;
And rear to the love that has brought me back,
A monument to-day!

Another and most eventful year
  Its hurried flight has fled;
And many a change, in its swift career,
  It has poured upon my head.

She who rose with me side by side,
  In childhood's sweetest hours,—
Who led me, with a sister's pride,
  Through learning's fragrant bowers,—

She who before me so early walked,
  In religion's holy ways,
And with cheering voice of affection talked,
  In the blest Redeemer's praise,—

Whose example was like an inspiring breath,
  For years, amid peril's dread,—
And whose smile came bright through the cloud
      of death,—
  Now rests in her clay-cold bed.

When last May came, with her laughing hours,
  Others might join the ring;
But my sister was crowned with the deathless
      flowers
  Of an everlasting spring.

She is gone to our "Father's house" above,
  Where her heart had gone before;
And she dwells in the light of that holy love,
  Which at distance we adore.

So, one by one, do my friends depart,
  So leave me my kindred all;
And in accents that pierce my inmost heart,
  Comes God's most solemn call.

Ye cherished ones, who have gone before,
  Though your names I may not tell,
Till we meet again on a pangless shore,
  A sweet, but brief farewell!

THE RESURRECTION HOPE.

AT THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

I HEARD thee: not the seraph's strain
  Could wake such raptures in my breast;
Thy prayer could ease the bed of pain,
  And soothe the struggling soul to rest.

I loved thee: not the mountain's brow
  More gladly caught day's youngest beam
Than I thy smile: 'tis vanished now—
  A brief delight, a lovely dream.

Avails it that thy mantling bloom
  Hath left thee in this lonely cell?
Avails it that death's darkening gloom
  Hath dimmed those eyes where love should dwell?

That cheek shall wear a fairer hue,
  When risen from this yielding sod;
Those eyes shall wear a softer blue,
  Love, in the paradise of God!

T. W. H.

THE CONVICT'S FRIEND.

In no instance has Christian benevolence and genuine philanthropy, in this country, fallen farther behind its developement in the old world, than in efforts for the benefit of prison convicts. Nearly half a century after Howard commenced the humble course of inspection and reformation of prisons, which gradually enlarged itself into a system of the most splendid and benign charity which has ever been so completely exhibited by any individual, and which cannot fail to give deathless celebrity to his name, no systematic or general effort had been made, in this country, to detect like abuses, and introduce like reforms. The name and the efforts of the Transatlantic philanthropist were indeed well known. Poetry had here woven garlands for his brow; and Eloquence, both in the pulpit and in the halls of legislation, had not forgotten to adorn her offerings by the rehearsal of his peerless deeds. But, for all practical purposes connected with the sphere of his labors, the light of his experience had been shed on us in vain.

Was it because the abuse and perversion which his perseverance had unmasked was supposed to be

possible only in older and more corrupt communities than our own, that we so complacently *presumed* there was here no room for improvement? Let the dark catalogue of abuses, brought to light within the last few years, tell how erroneous was that presumption.

Was it because the Christian compassion which yearned over the heathen—alienated from happiness and God, and shut up in the gloomy prison of pagan darkness—had no kind sensibilities for those scarcely less ignorant, and alienated more fearfully from all that is good, in the prisons at our very doors? Or had those whose confidence in the gospel was perfect, for accomplishing a transformation on the former, absolutely no confidence in the same gospel, to produce any salutary change in the latter? Or could it have escaped the eagle eye of those patriots who loved almost to idolatry their country's freedom, and who are ever so ready to espy the dangers which threaten it, that to let loose upon the community, from the very hot-beds of moral corruption, the vitiated beings who had there been trained to the artful commission and concealment of crime in all its baleful forms, was more certain to shake the pillars of the temple of Liberty, than the combined force of foreign assault?

To whatever cause the long-continued and guilty apathy upon this subject must be attributed, it is a subject of just and universal congratulation, that at

last it has been broken. Reform of prisons and of prison discipline has of late advanced rapidly and regularly by the instrumentality of the American Prison Discipline Society, and their judicious and efficient general agent. Their first efforts have been wisely directed to the structure of prisons; and, in several instances, the beneficial results of this change alone have been strikingly manifest. It gives to each convict the advantages of such seclusion, during the night and upon the Christian Sabbath, as is most favorable to instruction and meditation. It renders him also accessible to the efforts of Christian kindness; and, wherever this reform has been introduced, even if no legislative provision has been made for the religious instruction of prisoners, the deficiency has been, to a considerable extent, supplied by the casual and free-will offerings of personal service, which those in immediate proximity to such institutions have been prompted to render. Of such labors, humble and unpretending as is their character, it would be difficult to speak in terms of adequate eulogy, without offending the single-hearted piety of their instruments.

This will be my apology for the veil which I must throw over the name and residence of the principal actor of the following narrative. A kind Providence threw in my way the scene which is here described, during a short tour through some of the Northern and Eastern States, in the winter of 182—.

It is copied, with very slight alteration, from the leaves of my journal. The closing incident rests, of course, on other testimony.

At an early hour on Saturday afternoon, I found myself obliged, by the almost impracticable badness of the roads, to give over the idea of farther progress in my journey, and seek for such a home as the weary traveller needs upon the Christian Sabbath. This was soon arranged; and an opportunity then offered to consider the best method of improving the few hours of leisure thus casually furnished. It occurred to me that in the immediate vicinity resided one of my revered father's friends, the early recollection of whom had not entirely faded from my mind. I sought and found him.

The same chastened smile, which in childhood won my heart, while it inspired a sacred regard, still animated his countenance; and most cordial was the recognition and the welcome which the friend of the father extended to the son. Mr. Henry, by which name I may designate the worthy man, if past the meridian of life, had lost none of its vigor; and a circle of interesting children, now risen up around him, almost to maturity, gave additional charms to his attractiveness. He had some years before retired from professional cares, and, by strict economy, secured from his patrimony not only a comfortable subsistence for his family, but also that which he seemed not less highly to prize,—the means of rendering important assistance in the principal

departments of Christian enterprise and effort. Having given himself to Christ, he practically understood the obvious deduction, which many, alas! seem continually to forget, that he was not his own. His time, his thoughts, his all, were most cheerfully rendered a willing thank-offering to the Redeemer. In his company, surrounded by those who had imbibed such lessons from his lips, the evening glided rapidly away. On parting, for the night, with the man whom I had just before sought as my father's friend, but who had secured, in a few hours, the confidence and esteem usually felt only after protracted intercourse, it gave me unfeigned pleasure to accept his invitation to spend a part of the approaching Sabbath with him in visiting the neighboring prison. An early hour of the following morning saw us on the way, and, long before the church-going bell summons the worshippers to the sanctuary, we were approaching the gloomy, grated, and now silent walls, where

> Sons of guilt, who sell themselves to bondage,
> Endure its galling chains.

It would seem as though, in bitter mockery of its destination, the surrounding scenery had put on unusual charms. An extensive sloping lawn stretches far in front and to the left of the prison, while, on the right, one of the loveliest rivers of North America, in every thing poetic but its name, spreads its broad surface. The ripple of its

slightest waves, breaking upon the pebbles of the shore, would fall even upon the ear of the cell's solitary inmate. In what melancholy proximity do nature's beauties and our own moral deformities thus present themselves! and how painfully overwhelming is the conviction thus produced of what this world might be, were it not for sin!

Entering the massy walls, I was soon convinced that my companion was a frequent, an expected, and a most welcome visiter. Bars and bolts and guards yielded us a ready ingress, and we found ourselves in the enclosure, and directly before the cells, where, solitary, but easily accessible, nearly two hundred immortal beings were now held. They were indeed felons. Many of them, undoubtedly, had been hardened by a long-continued course of evil. But Jesus came to seek and to save the lost, and even these, unpromising as they were, still were "prisoners of hope."

"Here," said Mr. Henry, "let us separate. In this row of cells you will find some of the most interesting of the prisoners, and some, too, on whom you may think the labor of Christian instruction bestowed in vain. I will introduce you to them, and then repair to another section of the building." When left alone with each indvidual, to whom I successively addressed myself, my earnest effort was to learn, from his own lips, the views he entertained of himself, of his sins, both those against the community, for which he was here incarcerated, and those more

directly or solely against God. Some, with much freedom and feeling, presented their own characters in such a light as carried full conviction that the Holy Spirit had taught them; and here I learned, what I had only suspected before, that the friend who accompanied me had, for several months, with persevering faithfulness, visited these outcasts; and God had manifestly blessed his efforts, and those of another pious individual, in turning the flinty hearts of some of them to flesh. With tears of gratitude, they mentioned his name, and his efforts for their benefit. Each had some independent testimony of his kindness (communication with each other was impossible); and those who had obviously profited most by his instructions, evinced the greatest degree of attachment and regard to the instrument of their illumination.

It was indeed as he had apprized me. On some, instruction and the kindest words of affectionate entreaty, seemed lost. One who was, in every sense, an old offender, having early commenced a career of wickedness, and now, in his waning years, serving out, for the third time, the period which the law had awarded for his offence, was, more than any other individual, hardened, impudent, and apparently reckless of his danger. With every thing around him he seemed at fault. The other prisoners professed themselves satisfied with their fare and the paternal character and deportment of those to whom the law had committed them. He mut-

tered out his complaints, in no sparing measure, against all with whom he had connexion. Poor, miserable old man! with almost unparalleled infatuation thus seeking to fill up to the very brim the bitter cup of retribution which so soon must be forced back upon him.

Every cell was furnished with a Bible; and those convicts who could read, and who were willing to accept them, were supplied, each Sabbath, with such tracts of appropriate character as they preferred. With these, or with the Word of God, I found most of them engaged; and to these, after such instruction and counsel as I could give, I felt it a pleasure and relief again to commend them, that what in my instructions had been erroneous or deficient, might there be corrected and supplied.

But the results of the instruction which had here been communicated by one whom I had now learned to regard as peculiarly the convict's friend, had excited in me an intense desire to learn, by personal observation, the sacred art and secret of his success. Almost by stealth, therefore, I followed him to the higher range of cells, where he was now plying his and the Master's suit, "to each attentive, solitary ear." The projections between the cells entirely shielded me from observation; and, as I followed him from one to another, so as distinctly to hear his conversations with their several inmates, a happy opportunity was furnished me to learn his usual method of address. It was uni-

formly characterized by great solemnity, earnestness and affection. He approached each individual with the measured severity and reserve of an offended father. His very manner was calculated, and probably intended, to rebuke all undue familiarity, which, if allowed, would, in his frequent intercourse, be productive of the most disastrous results. At the same time, there was an entire absence of haughtiness in his bearing. It all betokened the deep severity of conviction that one great errand had brought him thither, and that every thing foreign to *that* was an unwelcome intruder. It may, perhaps, be doubted whether this method of approach would succeed with men at large in the world, having ample opportunity to select their own associates, and their own topics of conversation. But to the solitary convict, any voice, and almost any theme, is welcome. His first inquiries generally led directly to the great and essential themes of God's character, government, law and grace. He would pass by the evasions and subterfuges, to which some desired to betake themselves, apparently unnoticed; yet his further inquiries would sweep all those refuges away, and urge upon the conscience and the heart such considerations as were best adapted to their state.

Some, whom he addressed, were evidently strangers; and I witnessed, probably, the first interview. Others, it was obvious, had been, as to their spiritual state, closely scanned by him before; and he

readily availed himself of past concessions, and drew their attention to some unanswered interrogatory, on which he had solicited their careful reflection, that they might be better prepared to communicate their matured convictions. His retention and ready application of all these, considering how many were his conversations, each Sabbath, were indeed surprising, but clearly evinced what the concentrated energy of the mind can accomplish when remed up by the high requirements of duty, and sustained by the Spirit of God. His most earnest and protracted interviews were with those who most needed, and most cordially welcomed, instruction. To these, especially near the close of each interview, there was a manifestation of such affectionate solicitude, as obviously seemed to say, that he was ready to impart to them not the gospel only, but also his own soul. He uniformly took their hand, if offered through the narrow aperture; and, while pressing it in his own, his whole countenance carrying conviction of the estimate he placed upon their reception of his counsels, he would, in the most solemn and impressive language, carry home his closing appeal, and briefly commend them to God. To some of them it seemed not in vain; for, long after he left them, in noiselessly passing their cells, I noticed that the sighs and prayers of contrition were yet audibly continued.

How many, who, at one time, gave promise of amendment, afterwards relapsed; and how many

who persevered in hopeful reform till sent forth again to an ensnaring world, then to fall more hopelessly into sin and crime, the records of time or the final judgment can only show. It encourages to perseverance, however, that, of the number reformed, few have actually been known to forsake the paths of peace; while some, undoubtedly, as the sequel will show, have been restrained from the practice of much evil by the moral and religious instruction which has been furnished them.

The morning's intercourse with the convicts individually prepared Mr. Henry for the discharge of a more public duty, which, immediately after a frugal dinner in the apartment of the warden, we repaired to that part of the building used as a chapel to perform. Here all the prisoners were closely seated, waiting for our arrival. We entered; and, for a few moments, the survey of this group of guilt and wretchedness, as it was presented in one view before us, almost overcame me. There was, too, something impressive, if not morally sublime, in the discipline here evinced. With only two of the guard and the warden, entirely unarmed, we were in the presence of nearly two hundred athletic and recently hardened and lawless men, each as free as ourselves, and into whose power, apparently,—and I see not but really,—we threw ourselves without any reserve. But there is moral influence in the gospel more potent than fetters or dungeons.

Before this group, upon the bare pavement on which their seats were arranged, Mr. Henry knelt, and offered a fervent prayer. He seemed to bear to the mercy-seat the case of each class of individuals with whom he had lately mingled, and, with the humble earnestness of one whose exigency, like that of the wrestling patriarch, impelled him to say, "I will not let thee go without the blessing," he pressed his suit, and plead for those before him. In the worthy name of Jesus, and through his merits alone, were all the intercessions offered. It was, indeed, a most affecting consideration, that the community had shut out these men from their regards; their friends had abandoned, and many, undoubtedly, wished to forget them; and yet the holy man could plead for them with full assurance that the exalted Redeemer still deemed them not unworthy his regard, and, therefore, they were prisoners of hope. Many of their rough features were melted by that prayer, and tears flowed freely from the eyes of those long unused to weep.

The Sacred Scriptures were then read, and from an appropriate portion they were addressed. The object of the discourse seemed to be, to show them what must be their character in order to enjoy the divine favor, and to press upon them, by the most obvious motives, the attainment of that character. Some of these motives referred particularly, though with sufficient delicacy, to their unhappy condition. When allusion was made to

the situation of those who, once in the bosom of friends, and participating the privileges of the children of God, had now plunged themselves deep in infamy and misery, I noticed some who hid their faces with overwhelming confusion and remorse, nor raised their eyes again till the services were closed, and the signal of the warden bade them silently retire. One of this description, whose tall stature and haggard features rendered him conspicuous, in passing the place where we stood, raised his eyes, and, fixing them for a moment on us, beckoned us to follow him to his cell. Judge of my feelings on recognising, in the altered form and miserable aspect of this man, the wreck of a former neighbor and acquaintance. His melancholy story may be briefly told. He was the son of pious parents. His now aged father for many years held the office of deacon in the church at ——. Though amiable and correct in his own deportment, as a Christian and a father, his sin was that of Eli. For the evil of his sons he mourned, and even expostulated with them; but he restrained them not. Moral principle was never earnestly inculcated; the restraints of religion were, of course, unwelcome, and were never enforced upon them with becoming energy. The wretched being now before us was one of the eldest sons. He married early in life, and settled in the paternal neighborhood. An extensive revival of religion saw him and his companion numbered among its hopeful subjects; and at the same table

from which I first received the memorials of a Saviour's sufferings and love, he was also seated. It was soon, however, apparent, that, in him, as on the stony ground, the seed had immediately sprung up where "there was no deepness of earth, and, because it had no root, it withered away." Along with painfully apparent coldness of affection, and neglect of religious duty, came, for a season, the engrossing cares and distractions of consummate worldly-mindedness. He had now abandoned God, and, at a time when least prepared for it, the smiles of a hitherto favoring Providence abandoned him.

The speculations which he had pushed too eagerly, now involved him in pecuniary embarrassment. To all the rest was joined—whether as cause or effect, it would not, perhaps, be easy to determine—a decided disposition for inebriety. He was not, indeed, in the common estimation, a drunkard; but the constant and now free use of intoxicating liquors, was making daily and dreadful inroads upon whatever of peace and enjoyment still remained. When at home, he was sullen and morose; when abroad, in affecting to be cheerful, he was strangely foolish and indiscreet. At the late hour of night, those who kept their faithful vigil in anxious expectation of his return, often received him "as he should not be," yet kindly strove to hide it with themselves. But this progress from bad to worse cannot, by such means, be retarded; and here it was

accelerated with awful rapidity. His appearance gave additional dissatisfaction and alarm to creditors, whose claims were often more earnestly pressed, on account of the singularly inappropriate manner of his refusals and evasions. A crisis was evidently approaching; nor could its arrival be any longer either delayed or forgotten. It can excite little wonder, that, under such circumstances, destitute of early and deep-rooted moral principle, and having now cast away the fear of the Lord, he accepted the proffer of aid from a gang of counterfeiters, into whose snares one of his younger brothers had before fallen. He yielded himself up to the delusive hope which those lawless men desired him to cherish, and made himself and another the dupes of their artifice. His attempts were bold, but unsuccessful, and, abandoned by those who had thrust him between themselves and punishment, he now found himself a guilty, self-condemned, and almost unpitied convict. In the prison, his whole nature seemed "changed, but not improved." On the contrary, the deep mortification of spirit, which the fall from such an elevation had produced, with the total ungodliness to which he now abandoned himself, seemed to have wrought a hard, stubborn, and even revengeful temper, which made him most odious and repulsive. Up to that very hour, when we stood before him, no word or look of contrition had escaped him; and whether the apparent tenderness he now manifested in our recognition and brief interview

was any thing more than natural sensibility which my sympathy for his changed state and aspect called forth, must be determined by the great Searcher of hearts. An outcast from the church and from the world, to the mercy of God we commended him, and were constrained, by previous arrangements, to hasten from the scene.

The sanctuary that evening was filled with professed worshippers, most unlike, in all respects, to those we had just visited. But yet, the deep organ's notes, the harmony of a full-voiced choir, and the reverent attitude of the suppliant multitude, seemed less impressive than the prayer which had been that morning offered for those so long and so fatally prayerless. Even the ministrations of that gospel, which must be always welcome to the renewed, seemed to possess a sweeter relish and more heavenly attractions, when it fell upon the ears of those grievously wounded by sin, and even now ready to perish. Who would not unite in the prayer of Asaph, "Let the sighing of the prisoner come before thee; according to the greatness of thy power, preserve thou the sons of death"?

Some years had passed away, and the scene of my narrative is changed to one of the principal commercial cities of our country. The close of the Sabbath evening found Mr. Henry wandering forth, in lonely musing, toward the principal wharfs, now deserted and solitary. There was an air of uncommon sadness indicated in his movements, and occa-

sionally, as he raised his eyes, apparently to descry some object in the harbor, they seemed filled with tears which he strove in vain to suppress. In changing his position for another pier, which stretched farther into the bay, and which promised to present a fairer view of the object he was endeavoring to descry, he passed through a dark and narrow alley, and, turning its corner, met two men, who crossed his way, and passed by him so closely that one of them jostled his steps. Absorbed as he now was with other thoughts, the incident would not have been noticed, had not the other, and taller of the two, fixed on him an earnest and inquiring gaze, which seemed to ask, Have we not met before? For a moment only did the thought occupy his mind, and he hurried on, to gain sight, from the extreme point of the projecting quay, of the object of his solicitude.

It was now near ten o'clock, and the waning moon just began to shed her light from the eastern horizon. A gallant ship was riding at anchor, distant, perhaps, a furlong from the position he had now gained. His gaze was riveted, and, with agitating emotion, he seemed to scan her noble form and tall masts, which cast their shadows almost to his feet. Scarcely a breath of air ruffled the surface of the broad bay, and the gurgling sound of the swelling tide, as it rushed past the artificial projection on which he stood, was the only interruption of the lonely silence.

A father, but not every father, may judge what were then his feelings. For that barque, which now rested so quietly, was the next morning to spread her sails to the coming breeze, and bear away from him, far and forever, his motherless first-born. She who had been his solace and his joy, around whom the doting affections of paternal tenderness had been allowed to gather and entwine, when sorrow for the loss of the companion of his youth had melted down his soul,—she who was the living image of her whom he mourned, and who was now more sacredly endeared to him than ever, since her heart, renovated by divine grace, and controlled by the Holy Spirit, seemed cemented to his own by the blood of atonement,—even she was to be gazed upon by him, on the coming morning, and probably on that very spot, for the last time. After her conversion, she had asked, as did Paul, and Harriet Newell, and Mrs. Judson, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and to her, as to them, the response had been given, "Thou art a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name far hence unto the heathen, and I will show thee how great things thou must suffer for my name's sake." She dared not be disobedient to the heavenly mandate, and, fully gathering that the Lord required the sacrifice at her hand, she had parted with the endearments of home and kindred, and was now setting forth toward the destined field of her future toils, for the

especial benefit of the degraded and sinful of her own sex in the Farther India.

Her feelings and convictions on this interesting subject she had dutifully communicated to her father, from their first existence to their consummation. The lesson of self-denial, on which she was now practising, was one which his lips and life had taught her. She could not therefore anticipate, nor did she experience, either opposition or reluctance, on his part, to the measure. "Freely," said he, "have I received, and shall I not freely give?" But, cheerfully as he had resolved, and steadfastly as he persevered in making this greatest personal sacrifice, it was not for a frail nature, sanctified in part, to carry the resolution into full effect, and sever ties so strong and tender, without a struggle, which he had indeed anticipated, but which, as the moment of separation approached, he now began to fear would quite unman him. It was to prepare, in some degree, for the trying hour, that he had now sought this solitude; that, upon the very spot where the conflict would soon take place, he might thus seek and obtain grace to conquer. The place and the hour were adapted to his purpose, and, after viewing, for a few moments, the now silent vessel, which for months would be the home of one so dear to him, he knelt in prayer to ask, both for parent and child, the aid which each now required. It was a spectacle such as moonbeams rarely witness; and on it angels might look down with interest.

It was the felicity of Mr. Henry, that he never came before God in prayer without such adoring conceptions of the divine character and glory, as were happily adapted to tranquillize and elevate his mind. Even on this occasion, the radiance of that Divine Being whom he approached seemed to shed unwonted lustre upon his countenance, and calmness into his soul. He had come to pour out his spirit in agony before God's throne; but in his approach, ere he was aware, entire composure and grateful and cheerful resignation to the will of Heaven, had been restored to him. So clearly did the divine glory and the salvation of perishing heathen seem identified with the offering he was about to make, that his own sacrifice of earthly enjoyment seemed altogether unworthy to be regarded in comparison. That Spirit, which, all along the way, he had invoked, rendered such gracious and effectual aid in his supplication, that, when he expected to mourn, and wrestle, and almost complain, he was enabled to rejoice and triumph. Tears did indeed bedew his cheek, but they were not those of bitter and repining grief—rather of holy joy; and as he was rendering thanks for this surprising deliverance (how great, even at that moment, he did not realize), the sound of footsteps near him interrupted his devotions. He rose from his knees, and, looking round, saw two men rapidly receding from the place where he stood. The one most clearly seen seemed hurried

away, almost against his will, by the more powerful grasp of the other; and, when removed to a little distance, they appeared in earnest and almost passionate conversation for a few moments, and then suddenly left the wharf.

His sanctuary had evidently been invaded, and the thought crossed his mind, that perhaps he had unnecessarily exposed himself to observation in those duties which were intended only for the notice of Him who seeth in secret. He recollected, too, the lateness of the hour, and hastened to the friends who had already become solicitous for his return.

The next morning's sun had but just commenced his circuit of the heavens, when a multitude were seen standing on that same wharf; the parting hymn was sung; the fervent prayer was offered; father and daughter had separated from an embrace of mutual and almost overpowering tenderness. His eye still followed the boat which was conveying her to the ship, when, pressing through the crowd, a tall and athletic form laid his hand almost rudely upon that father. Turning for a moment, he was presented with a sealed envelope, while, with averted face, the man who offered it hastily departed. The eyes and the heart of Mr. Henry were then, and for some subsequent hours, too full to allow him to examine it. When afterwards he broke the seal, he read with surprise and gratitude the following letter, hastily and almost illegibly written :—

"Dear Sir,

"The hand which traces these lines has often been extended through the gratings of the prison in ——— to meet your own. Never shall I forget the counsels and prayers I have there heard from your lips. For months after my discharge, I studiously followed your advice, and began to feel that the dangers against which you so faithfully warned me, were all passed away. My friends began to inquire, with renewed interest, after my welfare, and at length invited my return to them. To make arrangements for that return, I left my employment in the country, and, three days since, arrived in this city. By accident, I met with one of the companions of my former career of wickedness. Though younger than myself, he had always possessed an influence over me far greater than any other of my associates. All my former regard now impelled me to endeavor to accomplish his reformation. He appeared to listen to me with deference, and I felt pride in thought of the change which I expected soon to produce in his course. The Sabbath came, and I proposed his attendance with me on public worship. To this he consented in the morning, on condition that I would ride with him a short distance afterward, to visit, as he said, a particular friend. I felt, indeed, some compunctions of conscience in thus profaning the Sabbath, and more especially when I found the friend he sought was one of his own character. They were

soon joined by others of kindred spirit, and, not wishing, in their presence, to draw upon my companion any suspicions that would excite their ridicule, and perhaps their hatred, and thus endanger my plans for his future amendment, I strove to appear as cheerful and as familiar as possible. The social glass went round, and once and again, to banish their suspicions, I partook. We returned to the city too late for evening service; in fact, unfitted for it. In company with him whom I had purposed to lead, but whom I now rather followed, we strolled from street to street, and from alley to alley, till, near the principal dock, we passed so near a solitary gentleman, that the master spirit who now controlled me, contrived, with his usual dexterity, to secure his purse. I did not at the moment perceive what he had done, perhaps on account of a slight conviction, which his appearance in the partial darkness gave, that the man we met was not a stranger to me. Turning a corner, however, brought us near a lamp, and the ill-gotten treasure was immediately scanned with eager haste, and the manner of its attainment admitted, with a kind of appeal which seemed to demand my concurrence. Almost stupified with amazement, I had not time or decision to reply, before he communicated his further purpose. 'The contents of this purse give promise of richer spoils. Take this in your keeping, and I will follow this midnight lounger, and soon meet you here.' Horror-struck, I stood gazing after him. The

purse lay open in my hand. I cast my eye over it, and your initials, plainly engraved on its clasp, and some undefined shadows of recollection, seemed to awaken me from the dream. Without any other purpose than to overtake and dissuade the lawless man from his nefarious purpose, I hastily followed him. The moon was now risen, and I soon caught sight of him, as he was gaining the covert of a projection just beyond which the stranger, in an attitude of supplication, perfectly unconscious of his approach, was now absorbed in secret communion with God. The moon shone full upon the features. In breathless silence I approached. Gracious Providence! could it be? yes, it must be he. The same form, in the same attitude, had often riveted my eyes and my heart when he interceded for us in the prison. All his instructions, which I had that very day begun to disregard, rushed upon my recollection, and I could scarce restrain the impulse which I felt immediately to throw myself at his feet. As yet my late comrade had not perceived my approach. Prepared for his diabolical purpose, he now crept from his concealment; he approached the kneeling suppliant; his hand was just raising a stone, the fall of which must have been fatal, when, with a giant's strength, I seized and bore him away. His indignation, at first, was in proportion to his disappointment. He affected to be incredulous that I could recognise you under such circumstances; but a slight examination of the purse now in my possession showed

the certainty of my convictions. Even he confessed to me, that he would more readily have assaulted a man armed, and in the attitude of defiance, than one who was addressing God in prayer. 'Twice,' said he, 'my courage failed me, and I determined to retire; but the demon of avarice hardened my heart, and in another moment his rescue would have been impossible.'

"The events of the last evening now seem to me as a dream. Your purse lies before me. It is the same from which you generously furnished me, for a few days, on the morning when I was discharged from the prison. Its contents I return; but the trifling memorial itself I must preserve, to remind me continually of those lessons which you have imparted, and which, now more deeply than ever, I desire to have engraven on my heart. I now feel that you much better understood than I the dangers to which my path is exposed. Yesterday has given me another warning,—to shun the company of evil men, rather than boast of my power to reform them; to guard against violations of the Sabbath, and against the intoxicating cup. May that impressive attitude of the convict's friend be ever present to my mind, and often win me to a throne of grace to which I know you will bear the case of the now humbled and self-distrustful

GEORGE."

THE BAPTISM.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

'Twas near the close of that blest day, when, with melodious swell,
To crowded mart and lonely shade had spoke the Sabbath-bell,
And on a broad, unruffled stream, with bordering verdure bright,
The westering sunbeam richly shed a tinge of crimson light,—

When, lo! a solemn train appeared, by their loved pastor led,
And sweetly rose the holy hymn as toward that stream they sped;
And he its cleaving, crystal breast, with graceful movement, trod,
His steadfast eye upraised, to seek communion with his God.

Then, bending o'er his staff, approached the willow-
fringed shore,
A man of many weary years, with furrowed temples
hoar;
And faintly breathed his trembling lip, "Behold! I
fain would be
Buried in baptism with my Lord, ere death shall
summon me."

With brow benign, like Him whose hand did
wavering Peter guide,
The pastor bore his tottering frame through that
translucent tide,
And plunged him 'neath the shrouding wave, and
spake the triune name,
And joy upon that withered face in wondering
radiance came.

And then advanced a lordly form in manhood's
towering pride,
Who from the gilded snares of earth had wisely
turned aside,
And, following in *His* steps who bowed to Jordan's
startled wave,
In deep humility of soul, this faithful witness
gave

Who next? A fair and fragile form in snowy robe
doth move,
That tender beauty in her eye that wakes the vow
of love.
Yea, come, thou gentle one, and clothe thyself with
strength divine:
This stern world hath a thousand darts to vex a
breast like thine.

Beneath its smile a traitor's kiss is oft in darkness
bound:
Cling to that Comforter who holds a balm for every
wound;
Propitiate that Protector's care who never will
forsake,
And thou shalt strike the harp of praise even when
thy heartstrings break.

Then, with a firm, unshrinking step, the watery
path she trod,
And gave, with woman's deathless trust, her being
to her God;
And when, all drooping from the flood, she rose
like lily's stem,
Methought that spotless brow might wear an angel's
diadem.

Yet more! Yet more! How meek they bow to
their Redeemer's rite,
Then pass with music on their way, like joyous sons
of light!
But, lingering on those shores, I staid till every
sound was hushed;
For hallowed musings o'er my soul like spring-
swoln rivers rushed.

"'Tis better," said the voice within, "to bear a
Christian's cross,
Than sell this fleeting life for gold, which Death
shall prove but dross;
Far better, when yon shrivelled skies are like a
banner furled,
To share in Christ's reproach than gain the glory of
the world."

THE TRIUMPH OF JESUS.

"For the battle is the Lord's."……1 *Sam.* xvii. 47.

BY THE REV. J. LAWSON,

MISSIONARY, CALCUTTA.

HARK! 'tis the warlike clarion:
"On to the battle, heroes, on!
To arms! to arms!" resounds on high
The voice of war and victory

Haste to the battle; see, the Lord
Waves to the clouds his conquering sword!
"To arms! to arms!" I hear the cry,
"On, on to death or victory."

High in the winds, the flag, unfurled,
Reveals the red cross to the world;
To arms! to arms! I haste, I fly,
To war and bloodless victory.

The fierce, embattled hosts of hell
Before the dreadful onset fell;
"To arms! to arms!" was once the cry;
But now the trump sounds, "Victory!"

Lo! the white war-horse treads them down;
I know the Rider by his crown:
"All hail! All hail!" his legions cry,—
"Jesus, be thine the victory!"

Drawn by Moore Engrav[illegible]

GREAT DAGON PAGODA AT RANGOON.

Published by Lincoln & Edmands Boston

I. Carey Pr

PAGODA AT RANGOON.

BY REV. JAMES D. KNOWLES.

The annexed plate is a reduced copy of a beautifully colored engraving, executed in England from a drawing made at Rangoon, while the British troops were in possession of that city, in 1824. It presents one view of the great pagoda near Rangoon, a temple of Gaudama, which is said to enjoy more celebrity, and to receive more numerous visits and more expensive offerings, than any other pagoda in Burmah, on account, partly, of its extent and splendor, but principally because it is supposed to contain a relic (a small lock of hair, we believe) of Gaudama himself. The principal pile, of which a partial view is given on the left, is a huge pyramid of brick. In the foreground of the plate are numerous small pagodas, with their spires, and structures of various shapes, interspersed with figures of imaginary beings. The pagoda itself, and all its surrounding buildings and images, being profusely decorated with gold leaf, present to the eye a splendid scene. The plate is interesting as a specimen of

Burman architecture, which displays considerable skill, mingled with a semi-barbarous taste for glitter and for incongruous decorations. But the Christian will gaze on this plate with feelings of commiseration for the deluded worshippers of Gaudama, and with sorrowful reflections on the guilt and degradation of idolatry. The description, given by Mrs. Judson, of the pagoda, and of the ceremonies and offerings with which the worship of Gaudama is there celebrated, is subjoined, as an appropriate accompaniment and illustration of the plate:

"This is the season for the great feast of Gaudama. It commenced yesterday, and it is to continue for three days. It is observed all over the country; but I presume the multitude collected in this place is much greater than at any other, excepting Ava. Priests and people come in boats from a great distance, to worship at the pagoda in this place, which is supposed to contain a relic of Gaudama. The viceroy, on these days, goes out in all the pomp and splendor possible, dressed and ornamented with all his insignia of office, attended by the members of government and the common people. After kneeling and worshipping at the pagoda, they generally spend the day in amusements, such as boxing, dancing, singing, theatrical exhibitions, and fireworks. Most of the older people spend the night at the pagoda, and listen to the instructions of the priests.

"Great and expensive offerings are made at this season. One last year, presented by a member of government, cost three thousand tickals, or twelve hundred dollars. It was a kind of portable pagoda, made of bamboo and paper, richly ornamented with gold leaf and paintings. It was a hundred feet in height, and the circumference of its base about fifty. Half way up its height, was a man ludicrously dressed, with a mask on his face, white wings on his shoulders, and artificial finger nails, two inches in length, in the posture of dancing. This offering was carried by sixty men, preceded by a band of music, and followed by the officer who made it, and his suite. Other offerings presented at this festival are various kinds of artificial trees, the branches and twigs of which are filled with cups, bowls, handkerchiefs, and garments of all descriptions; these are given to the slaves attached to the pagoda, who, the week following, have something like a fair, to dispose of their offerings.

"The pagoda, to which such multitudes resort, is one of the largest and most splendid in the empire. After having ascended a flight of steps, a large gate opens, when a wild, fairy scene is abruptly presented to view. It resembles more the descriptions we sometimes have in novels, of enchanted castles, or ancient abbeys in ruins, than anything we ever meet in real life. The ground is completely covered with a variety of ludicrous objects which meet the eye in

every direction, interspersed with the banyan, cocoa-nut, and toddy trees. Here and there are large open buildings, containing huge images of Gaudama; some in a sitting, some in a sleeping position, surrounded by images of priests and attendants, in the act of worship, or listening to his instructions. Before the image of Gaudama are erected small altars, on which offerings of fruit, flowers, &c. are laid. Large images of elephants, lions, angels, and demons, together with a number of indescribable objects, all assist in filling the picturesque scene.

"The ground on which this pagoda is situated, commands a view of the surrounding country, which presents one of the most beautiful landscapes in nature. The polished spires of the pagodas, glistening among the trees at a distance, appear like the steeples of meeting-houses in our American sea-ports. The verdant appearance of the country, the hills and valleys, ponds and rivers, the banks of which are covered with cattle, and fields of rice,—all, in their turn, attract the eye, and cause the beholder to exclaim, 'Was this delightful country made to be the residence of idolaters? Are those glittering spires, which, in consequence of association of ideas, recall to mind so many animating sensations, but the monuments of idolatry?' Oh! my friend! scenes like these, productive of feelings so various and opposite, do, notwithstanding, fire the soul with an unconquerable desire to make an effort

to rescue this people from destruction, and lead them to the Rock that is higher than they."*

In 1824, the pagoda was occupied by the English troops as a fortress, and was defended, by a small force, against the attacks of a large Burman army, who made several assaults upon it, but who were at last obliged to retire, with the loss of a great number of men.

* Memoir of Mrs. Judson, p. 164, 165. 4th edition.

TO THE EYE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MODERN GREECE."

THRONE of expression! whence the spirit's ray
Pours forth so oft the light of mental day,
Where Fancy's fire, Affection's melting beam,
Thought, Genius, Passion, reign in turn supreme,
And many a feeling words can ne'er impart,
Finds its own language to pervade the heart;
Thy power, bright orb, what bosom hath not felt,
To thrill, to rouse, to fascinate, to melt,
And, by some spell of undefined control,
With magnet influence, touch the secret soul?

Light of the features! in the morn of youth,
Thy glance is nature, and thy language truth;
And, ere the world, with all-corrupting sway,
Hath taught e'en *thee* to flatter and betray,
Th' ingenuous heart forbids thee to reveal,
Or speak one thought that interest would conceal;
While yet thou seem'st the cloudless mirror, given
But to reflect the purity of Heaven;—
Oh! then, how lovely, there, unveiled, to trace
Th' unsullied brightness of each mental grace!

When Genius lends thee all his living light,
Where the full beams of intellect unite,
When Love illumes thee with his varying ray,
Where trembling Hope and tearful Rapture play,
Or Pity's melting cloud thy beam subdues,
Tempering its lustre with a veil of dews,—
Still does thy power, whose all-commanding spell
Can pierce the mazes of the soul so well,
Bid some new feeling to existence start,
From its deep slumbers in the inmost heart.

And, oh! when thought, in ecstasy sublime,
That soars triumphant o'er the bounds of time,
Fires thy keen glance with inspiration's blaze,
The light of Heaven, the hope of nobler days
(As glorious dreams, for utterance far too high,
Flash through the mist of dim mortality),
Who does not own, that, through thy lightning beams,
A flame unquenchable, unearthly, streams?
That pure, though captive effluence of the sky
The vestal-ray, the spark that cannot die!

THE REMONSTRANCE.

"Women, in the course of action, describe a smaller circle than men; but the perfection of a circle consists not in its dimensions, but in its correctness."

Hannah More.

BY MISS ANNE TAYLOR.

* * * * why this hopeless feud?
This worse than civil strife,
Which long, with poisoned darts, has strewed
The vale of social life?

To each, an helpmate each was made,
Congenial, but diverse:
The rougher path was *his* to tread;
The mild domestic, *hers.*

His iron arm was braced for toil,
Or danger's ruder shock;
To win the cursed, reluctant soil,
Or fence the caverned rock.

The watchful eye, the pliant hand,
To gentler duties led,
By *her* the rural rite was planned,
The simple table spread.

Composed, retiring, modest, *she;*
Impetuous *he*, and brave:
His passions, boisterous as the sea;
Hers, oil upon the wave.

Wearied in far-extended chase,
His ready meal she dressed;
With smiles illumed his dwelling-place,
With kindness soothed his breast.

Thus, in the days of ancient man,
Th' harmonious friendship grew,
Ere yet those hostile names began—
The tyrant and the shrew

'Twas Nature's will that each obeyed;
Nor envious question rose:
They felt for mutual service made;
For friends, and not for foes.

But, tired of Nature's wise control,
Immediate war began:
He had the power, and, proud of soul,
Became the tyrant, man.

Too feeble to sustain her part,
She fell a sullen prey;
Content, by influence and art,
To counteract his sway.

Degenerate with degenerate time,
Still wider breach was seen;
His was the bold, ferocious crime;
Hers, petulant and mean.

Strange! thus to mar the plan of Heaven,
Ingeniously perverse!
To turn the solace it had given,
A blessing, to a curse!

Sure 'twas a cold, unmanly pride,
The harmony that broke:
Why should the oak the lily chide,
Because she's not an oak?

If all were lilies, where's the use,
Or strength, the forest yields?
If oaks, the fragrancy we lose,
And beauty of the fields.

Through following ages, dark and drear,
Th' unnatural contest ran;
Nor generous feeling stole a tear
From hard, obdurate man!

Woman his haughty will consigned
In joyless paths to run;
No beam of day-light reached her mind,
And sages said she'd none.

At length the brilliant western star
Of knowledge 'gan to rise;
The mists of ignorance, afar,
Rolled sullen from the skies.

Neglected woman, from the night
Of dark oppression raised,
Caught the fair dawn of mental light,
And blessed it as she gazed.

One champion, hardy and alone,
Stood forth her cause to plead:
But no; the weapons we disown,
That ask a martial deed.

Enlightened feeling shall subdue,
Or may we still endure,
Nor brave a combat, though we knew
That victory were sure.

Triumph were only bright defeat;
Disgrace, the laurel crown:
Our conquest is composed retreat,
Concealment our renown.

The right that Nature gave we claim,—
Just honors of our kind:
We envy not the manly frame
Of body or of mind.

Man, in *his* way, perfection knows;
And *we* as much in ours:
The violet is not the rose,
Yet both alike are flowers.

Thus Venus round a narrow sphere
Conducts her silver car;
Nor aims, nor seems to interfere,
With Jove's imperial star.

Athwart the dark and deep'ning gloom
Their blending rays unite,
And with commingled beams illume
The drear expanse of night.

Boyle, Locke, and Newton, deep in lore,
Man's lofty annals trace;
Edgeworth, and Hamilton, and *More*,
Our living annals grace.

His soul is thoughtful and profound,
Her's brilliant and acute—
Plants cultured each in different ground,
And bearing different fruit.

Among the social duties led,
Where each excels in part,
Man's proudest glory is his head,
A woman's is her heart.

Unwearied, in the toilsome course,
He climbs the hill of fame,
Takes immortality by force,
And wins a mighty name.

Along a cool, sequestered way,
Her quiet walk she winds;
Sheds milder sunshine on his day,
His brow with flowers binds.

Of art intuitive possessed,
Her infant train she rears;
To virtue by her smiles caressed,
Or chastened by her tears;—

Beside the flitting midnight lamp,
With fond and wakeful eye,
Wipes gently off the dying damp,
Or soothes the parting sigh.

'Tis here that woman brightest shines
(Though bright in other spheres):
Her name is drawn in fairest lines,
When written by her tears.

Yet not the weak, the puny thing,
Subdued to silly wo;
The firmest dignity may spring
Where softest feelings grow.

With you in mental fields to stray
She has not ill assumed,
And follows in the lucid way
Your studies have illumed.

Then why, * * * *, why control
That dictate of the heart,
Which could not feel itself a whole,
Till woman shared a part?

Why look with hard, unkindly view,
On woman's frailer part?
As if the weeds of folly grew
But in a female heart.

In sorrow and in sin combined,
Both sentenced to the tomb,
'Twould better speak a chastened mind,
To cheer each other's doom.

Sweet were the pilgrimage of those,
Who, hand in hand to heaven,
Would learn the cynic eye to close,
Forgiving and forgiven.

Eve fled for refuge from her shame,
  Her grief, to Adam's breast;
The ruined hero felt the claim,
  Nor generous love repressed.

Then, still let generous love beguile
  The weary walk of life;
Nor waste a sigh, nor lose a smile,
  In jealousy and strife.

THE NEW HEAVENS AND THE NEW EARTH.

"Nevertheless, we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."
2 *Peter*, iii. 13.

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away."
Rev. xxi. 1.

If, in this lower world, where sin has appeared, and introduced so many bitter woes, and where even the very soil has been visited with a curse; if here Nature smiles so sweetly, and the birds warble, and the flowers breathe, and the hills wave their woods, on waters that reflect their beauties; if the teeming wonders of the elements surpass our feeble powers to describe, and seem to ask for the intellect of an angel or the inspiration of a prophet,—oh! how magnificent will the scenery of heaven appear, when the curtain which now conceals eternity from time shall be removed!

"What gardens there, what bowers and vales,
What living streams, melodious gales,
To glad the immortal climes!"

If the sun now shines from the heavens upon a dark and guilty world with such radiance (and who has not felt that it is a pleasant thing to behold the light?); if the silver moon and the stars of heaven send forth so pure a splendor on a polluted orb,—what magnificence and glory must pervade the dwelling-place of Deity, where there is no night, and where there is the open vision of the great Source of light! If, in the present state, there are so many modifications of beauty in the world; if the eye be so eloquent, the form so godlike; if bodies born to die exhibit such sprightliness and grace on their passage to the tomb,—how glorious to gaze on bodies of celestial birth, the dwelling-places of pure intelligence! how joyous to see the whole population shining in immortal youth, all free from the curse which pursues man from the cradle to the grave! holiness in every eye, and love in every heart!

If here knowledge is good for the soul of man, and it affords interest to the mind to enlarge its acquaintance with God and his will, even through a glass darkly; if man finds a charm in penetrating into the almost unearthly imaginings of those master minds who have made the deepest researches into the cause and reason of present appearances,—oh! what ecstasies will be felt when the soul is ripened, when all mediums are removed, when we know all mysteries, when matter and mind are alike unfolded to our gaze, and we are students of the universe, under the teaching of the blessed

God, the great First Cause! If here, where our choicest pleasures are short-lived, where smiles and tears keep in constant familiarity, and farewells unparadise the greenest spots in our pilgrimage,—if here we can extract a healing balm from the interchange of affection,—then what holy joy, what pure communion, where harmony and love are perpetual residents, and partings are unknown, where the fold is safe from intrusion, and the only change the inhabitant knows is from bliss to bliss, from joy to joy, from glory to glory! If, in this unfriendly world, where Satan is a prince, and sin bears power, and where impurity mingles itself with our holiest services, and fear takes hold of us at the very horns of the altar,—if even here love can exert such a constraining influence, and hope can impart a joy full of immortality and faith, can give present peace, and reveal the beauties of the land yet afar off, then, O for a sight of the land where sin has no place, Satan no influence, sorrow no subject,—where songs of praise shall never be interrupted by wandering hearts and weary powers! If we experience holy pleasure in meditating on the trials and labors of a Luther, and perusing the pious aspirations of a Leighton,—in dwelling on the eventful history of the church, the reasoning of Paul, the songs of David, and the words of Him who spake as never man did,—what will it be to join the general assembly and church of the first-born, to listen to the trial of faith from the patriarch's

own lips, and listen to the universal acknowledgment, from a multitude that man cannot number, "He led us forth by the right way!"—above all, how rapturous the transport when we see Jesus, and are like him, and walk under his guidance!

If it affords so delightful an employment to the pious mind to trace the impressions of the renewing spirit upon the old man, and to trace the agency of Heaven in all the multiplied affairs of a daily providence, although the eye be dim, and the surrounding clouds, through which we gaze, are dense,—then how delightful to sit at the very feet of the Mediator and the God of providence, and mark how wisdom, and truth, and love, and mercy, were all enlisted in the economy of Providence and the methods of grace for our good on earth and our glory in heaven!

If, in solitude and wo, we now find it good to draw nigh unto God, and cast all our cares upon our unseen Friend,—if true joys are realized in uniting with our fellow-worshippers in the gates of Zion,—how transporting will be our rapture when we join the nations of the redeemed, and enter upon the goodly company of angels, and have heaven for a sanctuary and eternity for a Sabbath! But these heavens and this earth, with all their beauties, are fated to disappear; their final hour is decreed by Him of whom Job said, "I know that thou canst do every thing;" by Him who has declared, "Behold, I create all things new."

There shall be a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness,—a world of truth, and holiness, and peace; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. Then why are men intent upon present scenes, bound up in passing events, satisfied with short-lived pleasures? Why do not men live for the whole of their existence? Why, in the enjoyment of gifts, do they forget the Giver? Why should the wayfaring man, who dwells in the tent, forget his home and his fair portion? Let the eye of faith gaze on the realities of heaven, till, charmed with their beauty, the whole man is brought under the influence of the powers of the world to come.

J. O. C.

THE BARD.

Yes, I have marked his beaming eye,
When, bending o'er the tuneful lyre,
He drew such tones of melody
As listening angels might admire.

But when, with gentler touch, he woke
Its soft and melancholy strain,
And sung the heart that sorrow broke,
Or mourned the captive's galling chain,—

Her holy power diffusing round,
Came Mercy, breathing from each chord;
Oppression heard, and fled the sound,
And Vengeance dropped the murderous sword.

His harp is mute, his song is past,
His eyes are closed in lasting sleep
And o'er that lone retreat—his last—
Dejected Friendship loves to weep.

'Tis said that hallowed symphonies
Are heard around his mournful grave,
Where day's last beam of beauty lies
Expiring on the crimsoned wave.

The freshest hue that spring bestows,
The sweetest flowers of summer's bloom,
Nature, like grieved Affection, shows,
To grace that minstrel's humble tomb.

But vain the music Fancy hears,
And vain the bloom that paints the sod;
His spirit asks no friendly tears,
He sweeps his lyre before his God.

Enough that Mercy's voice was known
To raise his hope, and calm his fear;
He boasts a richer, nobler tone,
Which wondering seraphs love to hear.

T. H. W.

A PRAYER.

BY REV. GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

Within some lonely and retired spot,
Unknown to all, save to my flock and thee,
My God, be mine the village pastor's lot,
To spend my days in calm utility.

And when the sweet-toned bells, at holy time,
Call to the house of God the pious few,
Be mine to lead them in the simple chime
Of praise to Him to whom their praise is due!

And be it mine the widow's bursting heart,
And the sad orphan's lonely pang, to calm;
And heal the wounded spirit's anguished smart,
With holy Gilead's sorrow-healing balm.

And be it mine, beneath the lowly shed,
To point the wandering one the way to heaven;
And soothe the sufferings of the dying bed
With the reviving tale of sins forgiven.

And if, my God, in some high-favored hour,
My life and labors be approved by thee,
I'll envy not the pride of pomp and power,
Nor sigh for earth's sublimest dignity.

THE

EXCEEDING SINFULNESS OF SIN

EXHIBITED IN THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

BY REV. WILLIAM HAMILTON.

The dispensations of Providence furnish us with many striking and awful proofs of the criminality and enormity of transgression. The ravages of famine, the desolations of pestilence, the wholesale waste and havoc of war; the turbulence and havoc of public life, and the fretfulness, irritation and discord, which lower over private habitations, and darken and trouble the domestic circle; the savage satisfaction and cold-blooded cruelty with which the mercenary and covetous batten on the hapless victims of their rapacity and violence; the wrecks of the most expensive schemes, and the frustration of the dearest hopes; the poverty, disgrace and suffering, which tread so closely on the heels of vice; and the scenes of lamentation and sorrow every where created by the ceaseless operations of death,—all most loudly proclaim, that it is an evil and a bitter thing to depart

from the Most High, and that sin is alike the foe of God, and the plague and scourge of man.

But, calamitous and painful as they are, can any one of these events, or even the whole of them, when taken together, convey an idea half so deep and affecting, of the turpitude and baseness of the guilt and atrocity of this root of all bitterness, as the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ? Let the sinner only reflect on the divine dignity, the infinite perfections, the uncreated and eternal excellences of Him, who, in agony and blood, was suspended there; let him remember that the illustrious and adorable Sufferer was no less than the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person; He whom all the angels revere, and all nature obeys;—let him think of all this, and then say what must be the amount of the evil and malignity of sin, which, before mercy could be extended to the criminal, stretched the Holy One of God upon the accursed tree, and brought the Prince of life to the darkness and dust of death.

Can the mind conceive, or could Omnipotence, with all its vast resources, have employed a means of manifesting, in a manner by the ten thousandth part so tremendous and moving, the unutterable, the infinite enormity of transgression, as the sufferings and death of the almighty and ever blessed Immanuel? Could a proclamation from the throne of the Eternal, announcing his detestation of this foul and loathsome principle of mischief and of misery,

and his fixed determination, in every instance, to punish it with terrible and unsparing rigor; could the expulsion of the angels that fell from the regions of light, and the banishment of the first apostate human pair from the seat of innocence and bliss; could the destruction of the old world by water, the overthrow of the cities of the plain, the subversion of the whole frame of nature for the base and impious revolt of man, or the everlasting anguish and wailings of the place of despair, have left on the mind of the criminal, or have spread over the empire of Jehovah, an impression half so deep and indelible, of the evil and danger of iniquity, as that which is produced by the suffering and death of the Son of God and the Lord of glory?

The annihilation of the material universe, with all its enormous load of worlds, the never-ending wretchedness and ruin of all the guilty inhabitants which it contains, sad and disastrous as such catastrophies may appear, shrink into insignificance, and are less than nothing, when compared with the incarnation, the sufferings, and dying agonies of Immanuel! They are only creatures, but he is the ever-blessed and all-glorious Creator. Mighty and immense as they seem, their dimensions are limited, and their magnitude and value can easily be told by Him, who, by his intelligence planned, by his power produced, and by his unremitting energy pervades, sustains, and regulates the whole. But what bounds can we assign to his majesty and

grandeur, or what mind can comprehend the perfections and the glories of Him who speaks and it is done, who commands and all things stand fast; who formed creation by a word, and, were it this day dissolved, could in a moment, and with ease, replace it; who is able to do again what he has already done, and to outdo all that he has yet performed?—for he is not only mighty, but almighty; not only sufficient, but all-sufficient; and all that he has hitherto accomplished, so far from being the measure of his might, is but a mere specimen of his power, and, when compared with the real amount of his wisdom and his strength, is no more than a drop to the ocean, or a grain to the globe.

It is in his death, accordingly, and there only, where we see, in its full extent and in all its matchless horrors, the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and what a fearful thing it is to fall into the hands of the living God. It is here where Jehovah, by the magnitude of the ransom, has published over all worlds, and perpetuated to eternity, the immensity of our guilt, and the total inability of man, and every other creature, to expiate the demerit of a single trespass, or repair the mischief and dishonor which the least transgression has brought upon the authority and government of God. It is hither, accordingly, that the best and the highest in creation will come to study the holiness of his character, and learn the infinite evil and malignity of sin. When they wish to discover the justice of their

Maker, and impress their own minds with the rectitude and inviolability of his law, passing by the place of perdition, and the scenes of the most awful devastation which wickedness has created in the other provinces of his dominions, they will turn their thoughts to the affecting spot which the sufferings of the Saviour have forever ennobled and hallowed, and fix a devout and admiring eye on Him who bore the cross.

Now, if nothing less than the sufferings and sacrifice of a person of the divine dignity, and of the uncreated, matchless and eternal excellences of the Lord Jesus Christ, could expiate the guilt of our transgressions, and redeem us from the awful consequences of our crimes, how great must be the sinfulness of sin, and what a fearful thing must it be to fall into the hands of the living God!

A LAMENT FOR ELLEN.

BY MRS. M'CARTEE.

The circumstances which elicited the following lines were these:—The writer, passing through a town on the banks of the Susquehannah, was greeted with a cordial welcome by a young friend, possessed of exquisite loveliness, and in all the bloom and vigor of health. At parting, it was agreed to meet again in a week. The writer returned—and found Ellen cold, pale and lifeless. The spirit which once inhabited the lovely mansion had fled forever.

"The flower of the grass falleth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth."

Now sadly roll thy waves of blue,
Sweet Susquehannah, beauteous river;
The loveliest flower thy borders knew
The frosts of Death have nipped forever.

Ah! where is now the sparkling eye,
Those locks of brown in ringlets waving,
Those blooming cheeks of roseate dye,
That witching smile each heart enslaving?

That fairy form hath passed away;
Those sparkling eyes in death are shaded;
No more those sportive ringlets play
Around those cheeks so cold and faded.

They've laid thee in thy last, lone bed,
And placed the cold sod o'er thy bosom;
While bitter tears each mourner shed,
For thee, sweet floweret, short-lived blossom.

But may thy spirit brighter shine,
An angel pure in yonder heaven,
To sing, in accents all divine,
Of Jesus' love and sins forgiven!

We'll plant a lily on thy grave,
Emblem of thee, once lovely Ellen;
While autumn's winds shall wildly rave
Around thy dark and narrow dwelling.

Now sadly roll thy waves of blue,
Sweet Susquehannah, beauteous river;
The fairest flower thy borders knew
The frosts of Death have nipped forever.

METASTASIO

SPREZZA IL FUROR DEL VENTO.

Unbending midst the wintry skies,
  Rears the firm oak his vigorous form,
And, stern in rugged strength, defies
  The rushing of the storm;

Then, severed from his native shore,
  O'er ocean worlds the sail to bear,
Still with those winds he braved before,
  He proudly struggles there.

MINISTERIAL EDUCATION.

BY B. B. EDWARDS.

To assert the importance of the office of the Christian minister is not my design. On this point, the word and providence of God bear united and unequivocal testimony. The Jews were preserved from mingling with the heathen around them by the instructions and example of the sons of Levi. Throughout the Roman empire, wherever the gospel was preached there were better men and better communities. It was by the declaration of the truths of God's word, that Luther and his coadjutors broke the slumber of centuries, and called the dead to life. Our ancestors in Britain were turned from the worship of demons to the service of the Lord by the preaching of the gospel. In every country, ancient and modern, the degree of public virtue and of private happiness can be estimated by the character of the ministers of religion.

The obvious considerations which are adduced in support of the plans and measures of our education societies, I do not wish, in this place, to repeat.

There are some indirect and collateral arguments which seem worthy of notice, and which have not received that attention which they deserve.

The first argument which I shall mention is the benefit which the lower and more ignorant classes in society receive through the medium of these institutions. It is a well known fact, that in every part of this land, not excepting New England, there is lamentable and degrading ignorance. The streams of knowledge do not circulate through the *whole* community. The pulsations at the heart may be warm and vigorous, while the extremities are cold and dead. In nearly all our towns, there is a portion of the inhabitants separate, in a considerable degree, from certain other portions. The districts in which they live are proverbially degraded, and designated by some opprobrious and *outlandish* epithet, where the dregs of society flow as to their natural reservoir. This ignorance is not by any means an utter midnight of the soul. Our largest city exhibits nothing like those putrid and bottomless gulfs of iniquity, which in Paris swallow up a whole generation at once. The ignorance in this country has not that rank maturity which is manifest in Paris, and Vienna, and Rome; but it is diffused, and exists every where. The same forms of mischief are at work here as in the old world.

Towards the correction and entire removal of this ignorance, education societies can be made to exert a most efficient instrumentality. Of the fifteen

hundred men whom they have nurtured within twenty years past, at least *one half* were gathered from the lower classes in society; and not a few from the most ignorant and depressed families. This is not mentioned invidiously, or as a matter of reproach, but as an interesting fact. Taken up in such circumstances, and conducted into the paths of knowledge, and stimulated with new hopes, and breathing in a new atmosphere, they instinctively feel a deep interest in the scenes of their nativity and childhood, and in the companions of their youthful sports and labors. The light of knowledge no sooner breaks in upon their own souls, than they are anxious to impart it to their friends. "The ample page of knowledge" is no sooner unfolded to their gaze, than they wish to spread it before the eyes of their parents, and brothers, and sisters. The progress of these young men in literature and science can be traced in the meliorating condition of their distant relatives. The neighborhood in which they resided becomes more intellectual, is better furnished with profitable topics of conversation, and, with instructive books, becomes more interested in distant objects and future good. An educated man, if he retains the common sympathies and associations of human nature, will ever be an interesting object of contemplation by all who knew him in his early days. He sheds the light of a beneficent and attractive example. He is often a redeeming spirit, an angel of mercy, in the

circle with which he was familiar in early life. The education society aims to seek out the genius which lies hidden in the lower classes of society. Not unfrequently, in the wildest portions of our valleys and mountains, it has found genuine talent and moral worth,—concealed, perhaps, beneath the vestments of rigorous poverty, and the awkwardness of an untutored demeanor,—talent and worth sufficient to command the respect and esteem of communities and nations.

Another consideration which I shall adduce results from the fact, that powerful excitement is a marked characteristic of this age and of this country. The success of every institution, of every kind, is coming to depend more and more upon individual effort and ceaseless competition. This creates mutual collision and an unwearied and boundless activity. In every department of labor and effort, it is common for men to meet together in large assemblages, and, under the influence of numerous exciting causes, to adopt bold and unattempted measures. It is also perfectly safe to predict that, for fifty years to come, the face of society in this country will be still more strongly agitated and convulsed. Every extension of the limits of this nation separates more widely the feelings and opinions of those who live at the extremities. There is less and less of sympathy and fellow-feeling. The public press will increase and propagate this excitement in a thousand forms. In 1810,

there were but three hundred and fifty newspapers published in this country. Now, there are more than one thousand. In ten years hence, they will probably amount to two thousand. Who can estimate the amount of agitated feeling which will flow out from these fountains? Besides, there are some great questions, partly political and partly moral, which, in the next half century, will be brought to an issue. One of these is the question in regard to our slave population. Is slavery to cease gradually and safely, or is it to be swept away by the breath of almighty justice? This is a matter of very grave import, which contains in itself the elements of an intense and overwhelming excitement.

Revivals of religion, which have already been productive of incalculable good to the American churches, will probably be a still more marked feature of the coming age. These are seasons of deep and absorbing emotion, when the passions of a community have not unfrequently been wrought up to the highest point of endurance.

Now, what is the obvious duty of the church in view of all these circumstances? Would she repress these strong emotions? Would she dry up this current of feeling, and give a sober characteristic to the next generation? It were as vain as to try to annul the ordinances of Heaven. The spirit of this age cannot be chained. No dikes can be thrown up against these waves of excited sentiment.

The obvious duty is, to establish as many checks and great balancing powers as possible. Men of well disciplined minds, and of vigorous piety, can shape and control public feeling almost as they wish. They have wisdom, foresight, experience. Station an exemplary and well prepared minister in every city and considerable village in the United States, and you can turn this popular excitement to great and most beneficial purposes. Knowledge and holiness, united, are power, in the best sense. The salvation of our country, under God, is depending, most intimately and essentially, on a large increase in the number of such men as have the wisdom to apprehend, and the piety to love, and the steadiness to maintain, those great principles of morals and of religion, which have stood the test of the scrutiny of ages.

Another consideration of great importance is the fact, that the church of God is now taking a peculiar attitude. She is assuming that form which she had in the primitive ages, when to "believe, to love, and to suffer," was her motto; when her Bible and her Saviour were dearer to her heart than all the rewards which earth could offer. There was a palpable and marked distinction between her and the children of this world. This is the aspect which the church is now beginning to assume. While she feels a deep compassion for the enemies of the cross, whether within her pale or without, she wishes to have her own limits perfectly defined and distinct.

She wishes to have her own members all separate and holy, so that they may move forward to the conflict, one disciplined and compact body. But fully to make this separation, perfectly to accomplish this object, will require efforts and sacrifices, on the part of her ministers, such as have never yet been known. They must understand the Bible better, and be able to communicate its heavenly doctrines, with greater clearness, to every disciple, in that manner, and in that measure, which the ten thousand varying circumstances of individuals may require. There must be a greater division of labor. There must be captains of hundreds and of fifties, as well as of thousands. One great cause of the premature fall of so many of the watchmen of Zion is the heavy additional labor which the benevolent spirit of this age calls on them to perform.

And while this division is making between the church and the world, would you not allure into the bosom of the church as many as possible of the opposing ranks? Would you not send to the great multitude lying under the condemnation of God's law as many heralds of mercy as possible? Would you not throw into the midnight darkness which envelopes them as many stars from heaven as you can? Would you not furnish them, on the dark and troubled ocean of life, with as great a number of skilful pilots as can be found? But these labors will call, must call, for a great in-

crease in the number of faithful ministers. When the church of God is to arise from the dust, those who serve at her altars must be wakeful, and fully prepared for every good work; and their number must bear some proportion to the greatness and difficulty of the work to be accomplished. Their conflict is not to be with flesh and blood, but of intellect with intellect, and conscience with conscience, and heart with heart.

Now, it is an interesting and encouraging fact, that the men, whom education societies propose to bring foward to the Christian ministry, are well adapted to meet this exigency. The men who are patronized, are mostly from that class who have firm nerves and iron resolution, who can face the elements, and weather the storm.

Another argument in support of education societies proceeds from the fact, that, for a number of years to come, there must be a considerable sacrifice of life in the missionary enterprise. In every part of the unevangelized world, a *beginning* must be made by missionaries from Christendom. They must explore the territory, select the ground, establish the primary school, gather around them a little band of disciples, and, in this way, remove all the incipient difficulties. The native converts will be the chosen instruments to carry to the great body of the people the messages of salvation. In this way Africa will, doubtless, be converted to God. Her boundless forests, and her

burning sands, are to be traversed by native, negro missionaries. The colonies along her western coasts are, probably, intended, in the providence of God, to train men for this service. They will furnish the seed, which will be sown "in broad cast" over this neglected continent. The colonies will be to those desert regions a place of broad rivers and streams. Nevertheless, these colonies must be established, these schools must be commenced, these native, pioneer missionaries must be converted to God by the instrumentality of white missionaries. This work will demand, for a few years, a considerable sacrifice of life. Men must be found willing to do as much for their fellow-men, in six or eight years, as Christians will have opportunity to do, in forty years, when Christianity is more firmly and extensively established. Those men who will preach Christ where he has never been named, must meet with appalling obstacles, must submit to exhausting labor, must be exposed to every variety of climate. Like Martyn, they must be prepared for the blaze of a scorching sun by day, and at night to lay their throbbing heads on the damp earth; or like that devoted woman, who sleeps on an isle of the Indian ocean; or like that other, her companion in tribulation, who, after languishing in dungeons, and flying before contending armies, now rests in hope on the plains of Birmah. Missionaries, for a few years to come, *must* early fall victims to

death. Incessant fatigue and hardship *must* cut short life. Who will supply their places? Who will step in to fill up the breach? I answer, The church must be prepared for this exigency. There must be a number of men brought forward, corresponding to the call which will be made from this quarter. It is not to supply a definite number of missionaries who will be expected to live the usual life of man. Calculation ought to be made for many who will die early. The church needs a *forlorn hope*—men who will be willing to die in the first battle; who will pant for nobler honors than those of Warren, who fell "ere he saw the star of his country rise"—for such rewards as those which shall forever cluster upon the head of Ashmun, falling before the chains were removed from bleeding Africa, dying before Ethiopia had tasted of the waters of life.

It is sometimes said, that there is no need for extraordinary effort to prepare men for the ministry. The supply, as in other things, will be equal to the demand. Men will be found, as stations will be provided for them to occupy. But, in this view of the subject, one great fact is overlooked. *Three fourths of the human race will make no demand for a Christian ministry.* They have a strong reluctance, a total opposition to the remedy which is offered. The gospel must be carried *to* them. Men must go to heathen lands, and create a demand for the bread of life. Between

the condition of several hundred millions of stupid, degraded pagans, and any other subject, or any other want, there is little or no analogy. Education societies will not be a needless institution till the gospel is preached to every creature which is under heaven.

THE MORNING STAR.

Rev. xxii. 16.

BY THE LATE REV. JAMES EASTBURN.

When darkness hovers o'er the main,
And tempest glooms the ocean's face,
And Time moves on his sluggish train
With even and unheeding pace,—
When tumults rend the nightly air,
And wild waves murmur as they flow,
And shrieks of anguish and despair
Are heard upon the tempest's brow,—
How anxious looks the weary eye,
Through howling storms, and winds afar,
And gazes on the darkened sky,
To watch the bright and Morning Star!

So when, on life's tumultuous wave,
The storms of sin are wildly loud,
And hurry to the gloomy grave
The victims of the tempest cloud,—
When moral darkness broods around,
When every scene is quenched in gloom,
And Horror wakes her awful sound,
Without one ray of light or bloom,—

How welcome to the weary eye
The light that gently shines afar,
When, kindling on the stormy sky,
Is seen the bright, the Morning Star!

It shines upon the sinner's breast,
Gives him to see his awful path,
And leads him to the scenes of rest,
Secure from God's eternal wrath.
With horror, from his former way
He starts, and to his Saviour turns;
With him resides the glorious day:
With him a sacred radiance burns;
He wipes the mourner's weeping eye;
He bears him in his arms afar;
He crowns him in his Father's sky;
He is the bright and Morning Star!

Upon that bright and lovely shore,
The tears of grief are washed away,
And sin and sorrow vex no more,
Dissolved in that eternal day:
Unnumbered harps, with golden strings,
The wonders of our Maker praise;
And many a voice cherubic sings,
Amid the inextinguished blaze;
While, glowing on each raptured eye,
Jesus is seen, not then afar,
But glorious in his native sky—
The pure, the bright and Morning Star!

Then let us turn, ere yet too late,
And seek the blessed band to join,
Ere heaven may close its sapphire gate,
And hurl us from its hope divine!
Oh! let us leave the things of earth,
For they must fade and pass away;
Oh! let us cling to those whose worth
Shall shine in everlasting day!
Bright opening on the lovely sky,
A light is seen and known afar;
Oh! be it welcome to our eye:
It is the bright and Morning Star!

Jesus, assist us with thy love;
Cleanse these vile hearts from every stain;
And take us to those realms above,
Where bliss and joy forever reign!
Teach us to feel, while here below,
How vile our *noblest* thoughts have been,
And let our souls with ardor glow
To cast aside the weight of sin;
So, when these mortal frames shall die,
And Death against us wage his war,
We shall be blessed in the sky,
With thee, the bright and Morning Star!

HINTS ON LITERARY HABITS.

BY REV. JAMES D. KNOWLES.

The mind is the glory of man. Many of the irrational animals exceed him in size, in swiftness, in acuteness of vision and of ear, and some of them in length of life. But the *mind*, that imperial endowment, gives to man an immeasurable elevation above all the other inhabitants of the earth.

Nothing has ever acquired so easy and so durable a supremacy over mankind as intellectual power. He is the only legitimate sovereign over men, who excels them in the endowments, the cultivation, and the beneficent use of the mind. The poet, the orator, the philosopher, the sculptor, the painter—he is the true monarch, swaying not the bodies, but the minds and the hearts of men; wielding a dominion, not bounded by rivers and mountains, but co-extensive with the civilized world; not terminating with his mortal life, but reaching to the end of time. It is not Agamemnon, nor Achilles, nor Priam, but Homer is the king of men, whom the Iliad has immortalized. Demosthenes and Cicero held a sway, and won a fame, compared with which "the

laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds." Socrates and Aristotle have controlled more minds than Alexander.

The best records of past ages are monuments of the glory of the mind. It is their poems, their orations, their sculpture, their architecture, which have preserved the fame of the ancients. Nations, distinguished in their day by wealth, by population, by fierce wars, and by wide conquests, have been forgotten, because the mind had no share in their achievements. To them may the words of Horace be very justly applied:—

> "Omnes illachrymabiles
> Urgentur, ignotique longâ
> Nocte, quia carent vate sacro."

And who, that justly estimates the true interests of his own country, does not desire for her the honors of science and literature; the distinctions which spring from success in the fine arts; the eminence of a general education; the pure fame of unsullied morals and undefiled religion; the glory, in short, which highly cultivated and well directed minds will confer, rather than vast wealth, extended territory, and successful war? Who would not point a stranger to our schools and colleges, to our unfettered and prolific press, to the general diffusion of knowledge, and to our free institutions, the noblest fruits of the strong and cultivated intellect of the nation, rather than to the great rivers and mountains, to our ships and armies, to our wealth and power?

Yet, while our common nature is exalted by the achievements of learning and genius, there is much in the structure and operations of the mind itself to rebuke the pride of man. The progress of the most successful scholar is soon checked, by barriers which the mind cannot pass, or by that event which comes alike to all. The greatest learning most clearly shows men how little they know. Socrates was pronounced by the oracle at Delphi the wisest of mankind, because he most strongly felt his own ignorance. And Newton spoke of his own wonderful attainments, in language as poetically beautiful as it was philosophically true, that he seemed to himself like a child picking up shells on the shore of the great ocean of truth.

Since, then, the boundless range of knowledge, the narrowness of the mind, the cares of life, and its speedy termination, make it impossible to learn and to accomplish much, it is an inquiry of great moment, How shall we make the best use of the little space allowed us, and advance the farthest in the illimitable field spread out before us? A few hints, in answer to this inquiry, will, it is hoped, be deemed useful, and pertinent to the object of this book.

We might speak of the necessity of beginning education early. No time is to be lost, in a life so short and so interrupted. The mind, like the body, begins to grow from the day of its birth. Education should begin with the child. The infant school is one of the greatest discoveries of our

age. It is destined to do for men what the alchemists hoped to accomplish by the potent elixir which they so ardently sought. It will lengthen life, not by adding to the extent of its duration, but by redeeming from waste many of its most precious years. The Sabbath-school, too, is a kindred institution, which will give to the youthful mind an impulse, that will urge it onward farther than, in similar circumstances, it has ever yet gone.

But our remarks must be limited to a single principle, that *concentrated and persevering efforts are indispensable to great attainments and great usefulness.*

By concentrated efforts, we mean, that we must have some object in view in our studies, and must strive, with steadiness and perseverance, to reach it. We speak not of those who read and study, without any guide but caprice, or any aim but amusement. Not all those who are entitled to the name of students, and who profess to have placed before them some point which they propose to attain, possess the singleness of purpose, and the resolute perseverance, that are needful to success. It is one thing to aim at a certain point, and to advance towards it, yet with an irregular, slow, circuitous progress, like the traveller who loiters along the road, to pluck the flowers, to listen to the songs of the birds, and to gaze at the scenery. It is quite another thing to press onward to the end, with direct, steady, undeviating energy, undiverted by

the attractive sights and sounds which would persuade him to pause.

All instructers are witnesses to the fact, that many pupils, instead of a diligent prosecution of their studies, are satisfied with a slight attention to their lessons, while their minds are surrendered to indolence, to dissipation, or to desultory reading. Many a young physician, too, has been drawn away from his professional studies to indulge a taste for general science. Many a student of the law is seduced from Coke and Blackstone by the charms of poetry or of the Waverley novels. And some divines, it may be feared, permit a taste for literature or the arts to divert their minds injuriously from the important studies connected with their sacred office. All these men have an object in view which they would not consent to relinquish, but to which they do not yield their concentrated efforts. Their movements towards that object are irregular. Their minds are divided and weakened by the frequent intrusion of the interfering taste. Their time and energy are dissipated in pursuits foreign to the principal purpose.

It is easy to foresee, that such persons cannot become very skilful physicians, or eminent lawyers, or sound divines. Each of these professions opens a wide range of studies, which are sufficient to task the powers, and occupy the time of any man. If a person has not so far the mastery of his own mind as to compel it to a steady devotion to

his appropriate studies, he must be prepared to forego the pleasures and the advantages which would crown such efforts. He may amuse himself; he may become familiar with general literature; he may be a connoisseur in the arts; he may acquire much useful and graceful learning: but the prize of eminence and extensive usefulness in his own profession he cannot expect to win.

The nature of the mind requires that its powers be combined and concentrated, for the purpose of exerting their utmost force; just as the body cannot act with its full energy, if its several limbs are employed, at the same time, for different purposes. The eye of the mind cannot, any more than that of the body, look clearly on two objects at once.

We do not mean, however, to interdict to the student every study not immediately bearing on his own profession. Every well educated man must acquire a general knowledge of all the branches of liberal learning. It is the aim of our colleges to give him this knowledge. They lead him around the wide circle of the sciences, detaining him at each a sufficient time to acquaint him with its general principles and its most important facts, so that he may know enough of mathematics, astronomy and natural philosophy, of languages and rhetoric, of history and statistics, for all the purposes of a man who is not to make these particular studies his main pursuit in life. Knowledge, of every kind, is valuable to him who knows how to use it. The

most learned physician, lawyer, or divine, is, when other things are equal, the most useful man. Cicero requires that the complete orator be furnished with every kind of knowledge; and his own example illustrates his precepts.

The mind, moreover, like the body, requires relaxation, and may renew its vigor, not by inaction, but by varying its pursuits. The most grave divine may usefully refresh himself, at times, with a problem of mathematics or a volume of poetry.

But the great point is, to consider these occasional studies as merely relaxations, while the main purpose is steadily pursued; to keep every thing else subordinate, while the chief object holds its place in unrivalled prominence. The difficulty lies in refusing to yield, for the gratification of taste, that time and attention which are demanded by our professional studies; to give a resolute denial to every temptation which would persuade us to desert the path of our duty, and walk in more attractive fields. The scholar, who would accomplish any thing great or good, must resolve that he will, if possible, be master of that profession which he has chosen, and must nerve himself for the self-denial which may be needful to his success.

It must be confessed, that considerable self-control and firmness of principle are necessary to keep the mind in subjection, and to restrain its vagrant propensities. But it can, and it must, be done, if the student would be eminent and useful. And he

must adopt, and act on, a few principles which we will now mention.

The idea of universal scholarship must be renounced at the outset. No man can learn every thing. The shortness of life forbids the attempt. The nature of the mind itself forbids it. God has not granted to any one mind the ability to excel in all branches of learning, as he has not granted to any one climate the power of producing all the fruits of the earth. Experience has established the truth of the axiom of Pope—

> "One science only can one genius fit,
> So vast is art, so narrow human wit."

No man, on the rolls of the learned, has been able to excel in more than one or two departments of intellectual exertion. The men who aim to study every thing, resemble those universal conquerors, who have overrun many countries, but could acquire no permanent dominion. No one man could become a skilful workman in all the mechanical arts. It is surely not less impossible, that any one mind should compass the whole round of science. And as the mechanic will be most successful by learning one trade well, and giving to this his faculties and time, so will the scholar be most useful to his fellowmen, and will reap the most profit and honor to himself, by understanding his own profession well, rather than by forming a slight acquaintance with a multitude of things, while he excels in nothing.

No man can read every book that is published. A library of a very moderate size would furnish a man with employment for his whole life. The Vatican library, at Rome, contains 500,000 volumes. The age of Methuselah would be too short to read a tithe of these books.

A very few books, in fact, can be read by any man; and it is a fortunate circumstance, that comparatively few books deserve to be read through. There must be a judicious selection, and a few good books must be read and digested thoroughly. An omnivorous appetite for books, which impels a man to wish to read every thing, is a fatal barrier to success in study.

No man, indeed, can read all the new publications which the press multiplies with such rapidity. He must resolutely restrict himself to those which are the most worthy of his attention, and which have the most direct bearing on his particular studies. Every literary man finds himself daily beset by temptations to turn aside from his duties and regular studies, to regale himself with the attractive literature of the day. But he must resist these temptations, and proceed straight onward to his object, or his time will be absorbed, and his mind distracted and weakened, by trifles as volatile as the leaves of the Sybil. He must overcome the pride which shrinks from the confession, that he is ignorant of a new and fashionable book.

It must be remembered, too, that reading is not always studying. A man may read much without becoming wise; and, instead of adding to his intellectual power, he may diminish it, by burthening his mind with undigested knowledge. There is a wide distinction between knowledge and wisdom. Cowper has happily defined this distinction in a sententious couplet:—

> "Knowledge resides in thoughts of other men,
> Wisdom in minds conversant with their own."

Thinking is necessary to success in study. To teach the mind to think correctly, promptly and powerfully, is the main object of education. Learning is useful only as it furnishes the mind with materials for thought. A mass of knowledge may be acquired, but, unless the mind possesses the power of arranging and applying it to practical use, it is of no more utility than a lamp to a blind man. That system of education fails entirely to fulfil its office, which aims to crowd the mind with knowledge, rather than to discipline it, and train it to think. It is a characteristic of modern times, that there is too much reading, and too little thinking. The ancients, perhaps, owed something of their excellence to the fact, that they had fewer books, and therefore read less, and reflected more. Newton ascribes his great discoveries to the steady practice of "*patient thought.*"

We might insist, under this head, on the necessity of a due attention to the health of the body, and to the cultivation of the social affections. Let no literary man suppose, that he will facilitate his progress by denying to himself that bodily exercise which is needful to health. The early graves of multitudes of the young sons of science are melancholy testimonies of the danger of neglect in this important point. Without health of body, the mind cannot act with vigor; and health cannot be maintained without regular and sufficient exercise. It is high time that something was done to prevent the waste of life, which is occasioned by the want of suitable attention to the health of the body. The officers of colleges and academies ought to employ their authority, if needful, to constrain their pupils to a due course of exercise.

The cultivation of the social affections and of the manners is highly important. A man must devote some of his hours to society; and if that society be judiciously selected, and his time properly regulated, his mind will return to its studies with renewed vigor and elasticity; while his affections will be preserved in healthful activity, and his manners will be freed from that awkward constraint which is so often the reproach of the student. A knowledge of men cannot be wholly acquired from books. Conversation is one method of acquiring knowledge, as well as of improving the mind. Speech, says Young,

"Speech ventilates our intellectual fire,
Speech burnishes our mental magazine;
Brightens for ornament, and whets for use."

A man must keep his eye fixed on his main object, and make every thing that he reads, or hears, or sees, contribute something to his success. Here will be a nucleus, around which he may dispose his daily acquisitions of knowledge. Here will be a principle of association, which will attract to itself, with magnetic power, the facts, arguments and sentiments, which are met with in the course of reading or of conversation. For the want of such a nucleus, and such a principle of association, much of what we learn is lost. It lies loose in the mind, and, finding nothing to which it may attach itself, it escapes, and is forgotten. We need that fixed and concentrated aim, which would, with a happy alchemy, convert the most common things into precious materials for thought. Virgil said, that he could find pearls *in stercore Ennii*. Milton affirmed, that he found benefit in reading the wild romances of chivalry. Pope levied contributions for his poetic treasures from every thing which he heard, or read, or saw.

But, besides this fixed aim, there must be perseverance in the pursuit of it. Many scholars commence their course with ardor, but, after a time, they become weary from familiarity; or some new project diverts their minds; or they fancy that they have *finished their education*, and that further study

is needless. A man of this temperament is not of that chosen few whom future times will remember. A true scholar never speaks of *finishing* his studies, for he must be a student while he lives. His is that classic motto, which Dr. Johnson has translated in one of his poems :—

"Think nothing gained, he cries, while aught remains."

He remembers the great sons of fame. The laborious diligence of Demosthenes to overcome obstacles, and to make himself an accomplished orator, was as wonderful as his success. Cicero followed the same path, and wore the same crown. His aim from his youth was to be an orator, and his eye was fixed on that glorious prize with a gaze which never faltered. Pope's ambition, from his cradle, was to be a poet; and his mind steadily flowed in this channel till poetry became his mother tongue. Howard is well celebrated by Burke and by Foster, as an astonishing example of perseverance, and of the mastery which one object may gain over the mind. It is said of him, that in his circumnavigation of charity, he visited Rome, but could not spare time, from his ministry of benevolence, to examine the ruins and wonders of the eternal city.

These hints will, it is hoped, be thought worthy of attention by every reader. In whatever duties men are engaged, they cannot hope for the highest usefulness, and the most complete success, without a fixed purpose, and firm constancy.

There are many powerful motives, which ought to be ever present to our minds, and which may assist to arm us with the needful self-denial.

One motive is, that a very common intellect may accomplish more, by concentrated and persevering efforts, than a mind of far higher powers, which is irregular in its habits.

Our duty to our Creator demands of us the wisest and most energetic exertion of our faculties. He who has bestowed them, and has given us opportunities to cultivate and use them, requires, that they be not wasted in indolence, nor dissipated by irresolute and desultory efforts, and much less perverted to sinful and selfish ends. He has taught us the great moral lesson, that "one thing is needful," and has commanded us to do with our might whatever our hands find to do. He will exact of us an account of all our conduct, with a scrutiny which we cannot elude, and which no thoughtful man can anticipate without anxiety.

The love of doing good to our fellow men is a noble motive to study and exertion. He who has never felt the desire to benefit mankind by his talents, his learning, his personal services, or his wealth, is a stranger to one of the purest sources of enjoyment. He may abandon the hope of honorable fame, for he lacks the generous benevolence, the expansive sympathies, the self-denial, and the elevated aim, without which no man is capable of great

and worthy actions. He who considers how wide is the scope for his benevolence—how much ignorance there is to be instructed—how many errors to be corrected—how many sorrows to be soothed—how much sickness, poverty and suffering, which call for the feeling heart and the open hand—ought not to need any other incentive to cultivate his mind to the highest point, and to press forward to the mark set before him with all his might.

And the scholar should reflect on the character of our age and country. The time is come when men cannot be governed by the bayonet. Mind must be controlled by mind. Public opinion is now the ruler in civilized countries. What a noble field is here opened for the exercise of intellectual power! Homer celebrates his heroes, for their exploits in dealing tremendous blows, and hurling stones of prodigious weight. Such, in great part, has been the fame of men in former times. But bone and muscle are no longer to be the arbiters of nations. The clear thinker, the strong and pure writer, the powerful orator, are henceforth to move and rule men. The hall of legislation, the bar and the pulpit, and not the battle-field, are the places where the weal or the wo of men is to be decided.

Our own free country is the happy scene where the mind may win the purest triumphs, and where it is allured to high efforts by the most powerful incitements. Here there is nothing to obstruct the advance of talent, whether it is nurtured in the

dwellings of the rich, like the delicate exotic, by the artificial culture of wealth, or springs up from the cottages of the poor, by its own inherent energy, like the hardy oak of our mountains. Here learning, power and wealth are placed, like the garlands at the Olympic games, as prizes, open to every competitor. Here Freedom inspires her orator with noble thoughts and generous emotions, and bids him emulate the glorious eloquence of ancient times. Here, too, Religion, unfettered by entangling and corrupting alliances with human institutions, sheds her selectest influences on her advocates, and gives to piety, learning and eloquence, the purest, the most secure and the most delightful dominion which man can exercise over his fellow man—the sway of benevolent and cultivated minds over willing hearts, instructed, consoled and guided by their ministry.

Let, then, the scholars of our country attempt great things, and expect great things. Richer rewards await them, than ever dazzled the eyes and allured the hopes of worldly ambition.

But the immortality of the mind supplies a motive of indescribable solemnity and force. The mind is but another name for the intellectual attributes of the soul. The mind thinks and acts for eternity. All its habits and acquirements contribute to prepare it for the everlasting scenes, either of felicity or wo, to which it will soon be introduced. The gospel, which brings life and immortality to light, has taught us, that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also

reap." If the soul pervert its affections to the love of sin, and waste its mental faculties in the service of error, or in frivolous pursuits, it will reap a harvest of interminable wretchedness. What can rouse the mind to a resolute and steady devotion of its powers to the duties which God has prescribed, and to a diligent use of all the means of self-improvement, if it be not the solemn truth, that its eternal destiny depends on the character which is acquired in this life; that the mind will continue to think and to act forever; and that every right habit, and every accession of true wisdom and valuable knowledge, will unquestionably tend to enhance its happiness in the future world? What else should be needed, to urge men to an immediate submission to the authority of the gospel; and, by patient continuance in well doing, to seek for glory, honor and immortality?

HOME.

BY WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS, ESQ.

When reeled, at dead of night, the foundering bark,
And through the thick, dark air, above the storm
And its fierce howlings, rose the shriek of death,
The wild, brief prayer, and Horror's drowning cry,—
What earthward thought, deem ye, clung latest round
Each throbbing heart, now hushed in Ocean's depths?
The thought of home,—of faces round its hearth,
That smiled, while voices sweet the absent named,
And counted o'er the days that yet must pass
Ere he should come,—and he was not to come!
And, as he sunk, Home's voice rung in his ears.

In years long gone, when England's marshaled hosts
Were foiled by peasant bands, and richest blood,
Like water, ran along the grassy slopes
Of our green hills,—what nerved the death-fraught arm,
And winged with fire the glance of warriors rude,
That erst had tilled the fields where now they fought?
Before each eye, in all its beauty, rose
The quiet home of youth, the sheltered cot:
Each well known tree, that o'er the parent roof,

Its shadow threw, in truest vision came.
They thought of home, and smote the spoiler down;
They thought of home, and were invincible.

To nobler strife Home has the watchword been:
The patriot's pride, it was the Christian's test.
Oh! who shall tell the martyr's silent pangs,
While, as he paced, with fettered step, and slow,
His dungeon floor, and night, with chilling mists,
Stole through the rust-worn bars, the quiet hours
Came o'er his mind, when he was wont to sit
And trim his cottage fire, his toils recount,
And in his children's eyes read love and peace!
Awhile might home from heaven his soul seduce,
And wring, with treacherous skill, a bleeding heart.
—A few brief words were all; his chains would part,
His prison ope, and he again was free,
And 'neath that happy roof should stand again.
'Twas evil's strongest snare:—from off his soul
He shook the mighty spell, wrenched loose his heart
From life and its strong bonds, then looked for home
In higher worlds. The truth had made him free,
Free in his soul, a denizen of heaven;
And to the truth he set the seal of death.
Yet at the stake his spirit homeward glanced;
For home's loved inmates rose his latest prayers;
His last, his only tears, for them fell fast.

Abode of peace, shrine of life's charities!
Within thy narrow walls the purest joys,
Of earliest growth and longest date, are found.

There Childhood weaves his dreams of rainbow hues,
And infant Genius imps his eagle wing;
To guard thy hearth War lifts his trumpet voice,
And Law her awful sword, e'er bright, displays;
To deck thee roams the pilgrim o'er the earth,
The victor hither brings his spoils, and Age,
To thee returning, asks at home to die.

Yet build thy bower on Empire's giddiest height;
Be it some ancient throne, with weaponed men
And gorgeous pomp begirt, where frowning towers
Scowl o'er a prostrate land; or wend thy way
To some lone cot, by sheltering pines o'ertopped,
Far from the hum of towns, where Silence dwells,
And Nature, like a slumbering infant, smiles,—
Thy hopes shall fail thee. Like the desert blast,
That smites, unheard, the caravans of Ind,
Through thy long arches, bright with fretted gold,
And through the forest's verdant fence, steals Death,
Sweeps thee away, and bids the stranger tread
The palace or the hut that once was thine.

Oh! there are walls where Death can never come;
And Sorrow never stole, with blighting tread,
Through those bright gates. There be thy chosen rest;
Fix there thine eager eye, and thither turn
Thine earnest step; and, as thy way is won,
Bless thou the Friend who reared those mansions bright
On his own tomb. It was the only home
He found on earth. Fear not the awful perch,
For all the path is tracked with his pure blood.

When he the sceptre broke of raging Death,
'Twas He that bade me ask thee to His home
Of light, of love, of ceaseless melody.
To Him turn, then, thine eye, and bless his name,
And now, my friend, e'en now, repent and live.

FOSTER'S LECTURE.

NOTES OF A LECTURE BY THE REV. JOHN FOSTER,

AUTHOR OF ESSAYS ON DECISION OF CHARACTER, &C.

"We all do fade as a leaf."

Isaiah xliv. 6.

Our lives have been prolonged to witness once more, within the last few weeks, the wide process of decay over the field of nature: the infinite masses of foliage which unfolded so beautifully in vegetable life in the spring, and have adorned our landscape during the summer, have faded, fallen, and perished. We have beheld the grace of the fashion of them disclosed, continuing awhile bright in the sunshine, and gone forever. Now our text, with many other passages of the same character, admonishes us not to see the very leaves fade without being reminded that something else is also fading. We should do well to fix our attention awhile on this very pernicious fact, of our inaptitude to feel and reflect that our moral existence is fading, and then to note and

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urge a few of those monitory circumstances which verify this our declining state.

Let us look a little at the habit of our feeling in regard to this matter. And, first, we are very unapt to recognise the common lot and destiny of all human life—that it is to fade, and is fading. The vast world of the departed is out of our sight—even what was the material and the visible part. What is constantly in our sight is the *world of the living;* and we are unapt to think of them as all appointed *not* to be living; and, in our own case, while we see the countless population in all the passions and actions of life, &c. &c., it is but now and then, perhaps rather unfrequently, that the reflection, like a solemn shade, comes over us—These are all hastening out of sight, tending to dissolution and dust. Such a living scene our ancestors beheld; but where are now both those they looked on and themselves? Man *as he is* fills the attention, and precludes a thought of man as he is appointed, and going *to be;* and we may note a circumstance which aids the deception, viz. that the most decayed and faded portion of the living world is much less in sight than the fresh and vigorous. Think how many infirm, sick, debilitated, languishing, and almost dying persons there are, that are rarely or never out in public view; not met in our streets, roads, places of resort; not in our religious assemblies; and then out of sight out of mind in a great degree. Thus we look at the living world, so as not to read the des-

tiny written on every forehead, and, in this thoughtlessness, are the more apt to forget our own. But, again, we are very prone to forget our own transitory being, even while we do recognise the general appointment to fade and vanish. I am not hopelessly sick; I am not sinking in feebleness; I am not withering within an inch of the dust. Life, in the case of a being that should be certainly immortal, might be considered as an absolute possession; but, with us, life is an expenditure. We have it as but continually losing it. We have no use of it but as it is continually wasting. Suppose a man confined in some fortress, under the doom to stay there till his death, and suppose there is there for his use a dark reservoir of water, to which it is certain none can ever be added. He knows, suppose, that the quantity is not very great; he cannot penetrate to ascertain how much, but it may be but very little. He has drawn from it, by means of a fountain, a great while already, and draws from it every day; but how would he feel, each time of drawing, and each time of thinking of it? Not as if he had a *perennial spring* to go to; not, "I have a reservoir; I may be at my ease." No; but "I had water yesterday, I have water to-day; but my having had it, and my having it to-day, is the very cause that I shall not have it on some day that is approaching; and, at the same time, I am compelled to this fatal expenditure." So of our mortal, transient life. With many, the plain testimony of time comes home with

far too little force. Some manifest a solicitous reluctance to be considered and classed with the elderly and old, discovering, perhaps, in spite of some effort, a sensation of chagrin at hearing expressions which, directly or by implication, assign them to the aged class—prematurely assign them, they think, or would have it thought; so that it becomes a point of complaisance to beware using any such expressions in their presence. Some such persons have recourse to expedients, undignified, and, at the same time, unavailing, for the purpose of keeping their former ground—as an ill-judged labor of personal decoration—a style of dress and ornament perhaps little worthy of intelligence and piety at any age; but in every case inappropriate to any but the more lightsome form and unfaded countenance—a forced, overacted vivacity—even attempted rivalry with, not the gayety only, but the very levity of youth, as if they positively would not be old enough yet to be grave on any subject—a resolute addiction to amusements and what is called company. Such are some of the characteristics of man's insensibility to the solemn fact, that we all do fade as the leaf. Now, this insensibility is partly wilful; for it is partly owing to our indulging a reluctance to perceive and think of the signs and proofs which remind us of the fact that we are fading. Therefore it is highly proper there should be a solemn remonstrance against this perverse indisposition, and an endeavor to press on the attention those circumstances and reflections which

are adapted to remind us of the fading, vanishing condition of our mortal existence. They are a mighty number. If the soul could expand itself, and with a lively sensibility to receive upon it the significance, the glancing intimation, the whispering monition, of all things that are adapted to remind it of this fact, what a host of assailing ideas would strike it! Then we should hardly see a shadow pass, or a vapor rise, or a flower fade, or a leaf fall, still less a human visage withered in age, but we should have a thought of the transient continuance of our life. We can only note a few of the things that suggest this instruction. It would not be foreign to the purpose to reflect how many successive generations of men have faded and vanished since the text itself was written; as many, at the average duration, as there have been falls of the leaf since the first autumn which the oldest person among us can remember. Let such a person glance a thought back on the long repetition of this great change over the face of the earth, and think, think of man! imagine some great spirit to have been an observer of the human race through all this series of ages! Within his view, the entire multitude has gone once, and once again, and still again. To our view, however, there is a grand circumstance of deception with respect to the removal and renewal of the race. Human beings are continually going and coming, so that, though all die, man, in his vast assemblage, is always here. The order of the world is, that men

be withdrawn one by one,—one here and one there,—leaving the mighty mass, to general appearance, still entire (except in the case of vast and desolating calamities); and thus we see nothing parallel to the general autumnal fading of the leaf;—more like the evergreens which lose their leaves by individuals, and still maintain their living foliage. To the thoughtless spectator, the human race is presented under such a fallacious appearance as if it always lived. But a man should have serious consideration enough to look through this deception. A very old man has seen the main substance of two generations vanish. Another warning suggestion arises: We allow ourselves to miscalculate the appropriate season for fading. Our imagination places it in old age most delusively. The period to be accounted, in a general, collective calculation, as the proper term of mortality, cannot rightly be placed beyond such a stage in life as a large proportion of men do attain, but not exceed. The comparison of the leaves here again fails; the main mass of the foliage of the forest does continue on to the late period which none of it can survive. Not so in the case of human beings. The great majority of them are not appointed to reach what we are accustomed to regard as the late autumn of life; and therefore young persons are to be earnestly warned against calculating on that as even a probability. On the field of life there are a thousand things in operation to anticipate time.

Then let not young persons amuse themselves with flattering lies, and say, "We may live, probably, so far as to the term of eighty." But since some of them may perhaps truly say, "We do not much think about such calculations in any way; it is enough for the present that we are youthful and blooming; there is no fading or signs of its approach;" well, so have many felt, and perhaps said, in answer to grave admonitions, who, before the recent fall of the leaf, have withered and died; and so, before the fading of next autumn, will many more, now gay and blooming. But, without insisting upon these threatening possibilities of premature decline, to a reflecting mind the constant, inevitable progress toward fading would appear very much related to it; there is daily less and less of that intermediate space remaining, which is all there can be between us and death. One has sometimes looked upon the flowers of the meadow which the mower's scythe was to invade the next day; perfect life and beauty, as yet; but to the mind they have seemed already fading, through the anticipation. If we turn to those who are a good way, or quite far advanced in life, they can tell how rapidly that vernal season passed away; how much it looks, in the review, like an absolute preternatural fleetness of time. As to their now more advanced period, there are many palpable intimations in their experience to remind them of the truth of the text. Even those who are ranked as middle-

aged have much that speaks to them in a serious, warning voice. They are, most of them, sensible, by their consciousness, as well as by the record of years, that one grand period of their terrestrial season has gone by. Let them think on what they feel to be gone—freshness of life—vernal prime—overflowing spirits—elastic, bounding vigor—insuppressible activity—quick, ever-varying emotion—delightful unfolding of the faculties—the sense of more and more power, both of body and spirit—the prospect as if life was entire before them—and all overspread with brightness and fair colors! This is gone! and this change is not a little towards fading. Those poignantly feel it to be so, who look back with sadness or vain fretfulness to think it cannot be recalled. But there are still more decided indications of decay. Some, indeed, as we observed, remain considerably stationary; but, as to the majority, there are circumstances that will not let them forget *whereabouts they are in life:* feelings of positive infirmity—diminished power of exertion—gray hairs —failure of sight—besetting pains—apprehensive caution against harm and inconvenience, often what are called nervous affections—slight injuries to the body far less easily repaired;—all this is a great progress in the fading, and the *appearance* partakes of and indicates the decline, not so perceptible to the person himself, or to constant associates, but strikingly apparent to acquaintances, who see one

another after a long absence. From this stage there is a very rapid descent toward complete old age, with its accumulated privations and oppressions—great general prostration of strength, often of settled disorders, operating with habitual grievance—loss of memory—furrows marking the countenance—great suffering by little inconveniences—confinement, in a great measure, to a spot—a strange and mighty disseverment, as it were, from the man's own early *youthful self.* In some instances, there is a last decline into an utterly withered state of existence—imbecility wholly of body and mind. The final point is that of the fallen leaves—to be reduced to dust—and thus, in so many ways, is the text verified. It will perhaps be said, this is a most gloomy view of human life: why exhibit it at such width, and darken it with so many aggravations of shade? as if to cloud the little sunshine that glimmers on our lot. We answer, Nothing worth is that sunshine that will not pierce radiantly through this cloud. No complacency, no cheerfulness, no delight, is worth having that cannot be enjoyed *together* with the contemplation of this view of our mortal condition. Such an exhibition—is it truth? is it fact? and is it truth and fact bearing irresistibly on our own concern? Then the endeavor to be happy by escaping from the view and thought of it, would be a thing incomparably more gloomy to behold than all that this exhibition presents; because that would betray the want, the

neglect, the rejection, of the grand source against the gloom of our mortal state and destiny. To an enlightened beholder of mankind, it is not their being all under the doom to fade, and be dissolved, and vanish ;—it is not that that strikes him as the deepest gloom of the scene ; no, but their being thoughtless of their condition ; their not seeking the true and all-powerful consolation under it ; their not earnestly looking and aiming toward that glorious state, into which they may emerge from this fading and perishing existence. The melancholy thing by emphasis is, that beings under such a doom should disregard the grand countervailing economy of the divine beneficence, in which life and immortality are brought to light ; in which the Lord of life has himself submitted to the lot of mortals, in order to redeem them to the prospect of *another life*, where there shall be no *fading*, decline, nor dissolution. Let us not, then, absurdly turn from the view because it is grave and gloomy, but dwell upon it often and intently, for the great purpose of exciting our spirits to a victory over the vanity of our present condition, to gain from it, through the aid of the Divine Spirit, a *mighty impulse* toward a state of ever-living, ever-blooming existence beyond the sky. A man who feels this, would accept no substitute consolation against the gloomy character of this mortal life—not the highest health—not the most exuberant spirits, nor early youth itself, if it were possible for that to

be renewed. "No, far rather let me fade, let me languish, let me feel that mortality is upon me, and that the terrestrial scene is darkening around me, but *with this inspiration of faith and hope*—this rising energy, which is already carrying me out of an existence, which is all frailty, into one of vigor, and power, and perpetuity."

THE INVALID.

BY MISS ISABEL ANN DRYSDALE.

A FEW months since, I was constrained, by declining health, to seek a southern climate. Mine was that hopeless disease which sometimes sets on whole families the seal of early death. The grave-weed waved over those whose kindred hands had been linked with mine in childhood and in youth. I had seen them gradually fading away from the paths of life, cut down, one after another, like the frail "flower of the grass;" and now the same deadly shaft was rankling in my vitals. *I* was now "the stricken deer," and with mournful feeling I marked the silent but sure work of decay—the ebbing strength, the failing spirits—the gentle weaning away from all the strong delights and enjoyments of life—the gradual going down into the grave!—I had no hope of life; I saw before me the print of kindred feet marking my way to the tomb, and I knew that I must die. Still I longed for relief, and, like the melancholy poet, I was disposed to invoke my destroyer, and say,

"Gently, most gently, on thy victim's head,
Consumption, lay thy hand! Let me decay,
Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away,
And softly go to slumber with the dead."

I longed for the bright suns and mild temperature of the south, and shrunk from the bleak blasts of my native hills, which seemed to kindle the consuming fever which raged in my system. A small seaport, in one of the Southern States, was recommended to me as a retired and eligible situation for an invalid; and thither I went, leaving, for a land of strangers, that home over which the memory of the past hung like a funereal cloud, shading all its enjoyments.

At first, the sudden transition and glowing contrast of climates were beyond expression reviving and exhilarating. In place of the sleety shower and howling tempest, I found the mild, elastic breath of Spring, under a golden light, which sent its warm cheering to the inmost heart; and, instead of the cold glare which emanates from the shrouding snow of a northern winter, I beheld, on every side, the lavish and varied profusion of vegetable beauty, exhibiting those brilliant and exquisite tints, which a southern sun alone can develope. I felt the glad stirrings of health and joy within me; the fetters seemed melting away from my limbs, and I walked forth once more with the buoyant tread of conscious vigor. I was mistaken. My shackles were only relaxed, not removed, and soon again I felt their painful re-

straints. And, ah me! how sad it is to feel this mournful certainty in a land of strangers! to look in vain for the familiar face of anxious love, or even for those insensible but beloved objects, around which the young heart had twined its fresh and vigorous sensibilities, stamping them with the sacred impress of *home!*

The very richness and magnificence of nature grew distasteful; and I turned from the lofty magnolia, lifting its large and splendid flowers to the sky, from the groves of orange and myrtle, to think of the lovely pine, whose melancholy shadow fell upon the graves of my kindred. Oh, sickness is full of querulous sensibility and unreasonable exactions; and none but the hand of true and patient love should bind its aching brow, or tend its faltering steps. It pines away beneath the cold eye of the stranger, and his very charities and kindness are like ice to the heart that is yearning for affection.

All this I soon felt in my new situation; but there came with it a salutary bitterness. I was alone, and for the first time I felt that I had *no God;* that that heavenly friendship, from which distance cannot separate, nor sickness, nor sorrow, divorce, was not mine. This thought first came into my mind in a tide of sorrowful feelings, and I mourned, with a kind of sentimental tenderness, my "loneliness of lot." But there grew upon me, every day, a deeper and more agitating interest in the subject—an energy of anxiety, which seemed to surmount the

weakness of decaying nature, and revive within me all the strength of early sensibilities. With intense emotion I mourned my life-long infatuation, the spirit of slumber which had so long sealed up my spiritual vision; and, recalling the lost opportunities and privileges of other days, I was ready to fold my hands in despair, believing that the harvest was forever over. Indeed, there were times when I had a moody satisfaction in resting in this idea; thus relieving myself from those internal conflicts, and painful efforts, to which a sense of duty, and the faint glimmerings of hope, occasionally prompted me. But the finger of God had touched my heart, and nothing but his own most holy peace could quiet its deep-stirred agitations. Alas! the curtains of a sick bed often shroud from the world without, scenes which might quell the boldest spirit, and soften the hardest heart: the lonely pillow steeped in tears of hopeless anguish, the feeble and emaciated hands wrung in speechless sorrow—but above all, the upward, imploring look of the failing eyes, whose agony of meaning none but He who made the heart of man can fully comprehend,—these are those last communings with his Maker, to which sickness and solitude drive the poor, sinful sufferer. And there, on his bed of pain, he lies, like a crushed worm in the path of that mighty Being, so long and rashly despised.

The woman with whom I lodged was kind and well meaning, though coarse in her appearance and

manners. Observing my downcast looks and dejected manners, she suggested my going to church, remarking that she thought it would "be a comfort to me." The thought seemed to dart hope and consolation into my heart. The church, that holy place where my fathers worshipped God, from which I myself had wafted the reverent prayer of childhood, —how could I so long forget it? associated as it was with the Redeemer's dying love and forgiving grace. Tears of thankful rapture streamed down my cheeks, and, raising my heart to God, I thanked him for *the church!* that light which his goodness has kindled in this dark world, to cheer the fainting spirits and guide the wandering steps of the sorrowful and bewildered penitent.

Thither I went with trembling steps, and still more tremulous hopes. I listened again to those sounds which had so often fallen unheeded on the ear of health, and, as I raised my dim and heavy eyes to look on the speaker, I thought upon my ways, and mourned; thought upon those days, when, in the plenitude of health, and in the lightness of a careless heart, my roving glances had wandered from object to object, like "the fool's eye," the messenger and the message of mercy alike unheeded. But I was altered: the faded face, and bending form of sickness, were not more unlike the erect and sparkling mien of health, than my depressed and downcast soul to the light and giddy spirit which animated me then. I listened with the same breath-

less and deeply concentrated attention, with which the poor criminal drinks in the words of sentence; and when the services were closed, instead of the empty mind and frozen heart, which I had so often carried from the house of God, I left the church in a whirl of emotion which language is too feeble to portray.

I cannot at this time distinctly analyze the effect of each successive sermon; but, on the whole, I knew it was hopeful and encouraging, such as drew my willing feet into the path of life; and if they were often wounded with thorns of difficulty, I knew that it was my own reckless hand which had planted them: all its ruggedness was mine, all its peace and hope came down from above. There was one circumstance connected with my attendance on this church, which seems worthy of particular notice, as it led to my further establishment in the truth. Nearly opposite to the seat which I occupied was situated '*the stranger's pew*,' that provision for poverty and casualty, from which both alike seem to shrink, as too marked an acknowledgment of humiliating circumstances. One solitary old man was the tenant of the stranger's pew at ———. There was a seeming forlornness about him very touching to my feelings. No child, no friend supported his feeble steps: the crutch on which he leaned seemed his only prop. There he came, in his loneliness, Sabbath after Sabbath, moving humbly through the ranks of prosperity and happiness,

his stooping form, his thin, gray locks, and dark, wrinkled visage, exhibiting that mysterious history of the heart which time and sorrow trace upon the human form and countenance. Yet was there something in the mild, serene rays, which beamed from his dim and faded eyes, which told of tranquil hope and cheerful trust. I looked on his shabby, though decent dress, his furrowed face, and lonely situation, and marvelled at the sacred quiet, the ineffable peace, which dwelt in that aged countenance. Surely, I thought, *his* spirit is stayed upon God.

The fluctuations of my disease occasionally permitted my rambling around the environs of ———. In one of these lonely walks, I encountered the old man of the stranger's pew. He was alone, seated on an old broken boat, which was half buried in the firm, gravelly sand of the beach. His eyes were fixed upon the blue expanse before us, and seemed pursuing the white sails which, scudding before the evening gale, glanced swiftly onward toward the distant sea.

I ventured to interrupt his meditations by a respectful salutation, and something like the following conversation ensued :—

"I observe you frequently in church: have you lived long in this place?"

"All my life, lady."

"Doubtless you have experienced many changes."

"No, madam, not many changes; except that of which the psalmist speaks, when he says, 'I have been young, and now I am old.'"

There was something in the quiet simplicity with which this was spoken, and the faint emotion which ruffled for a moment the placid face of the speaker, which affected me inexpressibly. I looked on "the white, white head," the depressed and bending form, the slow, infirm motion, and thought of the time when perhaps this very beach was printed with his light, bounding step, and this very breeze lifted the dark locks of his youth.

Perhaps he noticed my emotion; for when next he spoke, his voice seemed to falter with sympathetic feeling, and there was a kind of confidential softening in his manner towards me.

"I was wrong," he remarked, "to say that I had experienced *no change*. It is true that I have always moved in the same poor sphere; that the poor man's crust, and the poor man's toil, have always been mine; yet I trust that I *have* experienced one great, one blessed change. There was a time, lady, when I wrestled hard with the troubles of life, and toiled after its fancied pleasures, God knows, in 'the sweat of my brow,' sharing my days between pinching cares, and short, delirious, maddening enjoyment. When the dawn broke upon me, I cursed the light which called me to my early labor; and when the setting sun dismissed me from

the field, I dragged my stiff and toil-worn limbs to some place of riot, where the name of God never came, but in the blasphemer's oath, his laws were never remembered, but in disobedience. Ah, lady, 'tis a grievous thing to live without God in the world, even when the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, when every day and every hour brings its allotted indulgence; but miserable, indeed, is the wickedness of the poor! The 'sweat of the brow,' and thorns of transgression, are all that sin has to offer them; their pleasures are coarse and rude, and full of conscious crime, not like the decent vices of the rich."

"Surely you do not regret this," I said earnestly; "there seems to be most security where there is least delusion."

"God forbid," replied the old man, reverently lifting his well-worn hat from his head; "God forbid that I should complain of Providence. No, lady, I rejoice that the hedge which God has drawn around honest poverty is strong, and full of sharp and wounding thorns. He is the poor man's God, his most abundant portion; and it is only when we wander from him, that we are made to taste the bitter wages of sin."

Gradually I drew from my companion the history of those few and evil days, which make up the longest life. He told me of a life darkened with the cares, and stained with the sordid vices, of poverty.

He told me of the recovering grace of God, and my heart magnified his goodness, so strong in endurance, so patient in neglect, so triumphant over evil. From his aged lips distilled a gentle and refreshing wisdom, which came like healing balm into my wounded spirit. I gazed on him with love and reverence, as an affecting monument of the goodness of God; and when I saw the sacred sparks of devotion glowing through the white ashes of decay, I felt a deep, a realizing sense of the truth of religion. Surely, I thought, God *is* the strength of his heart, and his portion forever! On this rock will *I* build *my* hopes; here will I quietly repose, until the evening of life shut peacefully in.

THE DEATH OF HOWARD,

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

On the bleak plain, exposed to many a storm,
  Nigh Cherson's city, some few versts removed,
There Howard's tomb presents its simple form,
  There rest the ashes of the man beloved.

He chose the spot; 'twas suited to his mind,
  Solemn and still, each trifling scene withdrawn;
Here he could trace the woes of human kind,
  The sickly captive, or the wretch forlorn.

The gloomy cell rose present to his view;
  Its pale, weak tenant sighed upon his ear;
At which his ardent soul took fire anew,
  And nobly shone through many a falling tear.

His liberal hand revived the fainting heart,
  And made the languid current faster roll;
Some "word in season" he would there impart,
  As dew refreshing to the thirsty soul.

The summons now for his departure came ;
With cheerful look he hailed the solemn day.
" Death has no terrors ;" 'tis a pleasant name,
" A grateful subject,"—he was heard to say.

Then to a friend :—" You know the spot I love ;
There place a sun-dial o'er my silent grave ;
The pompous monument I disapprove :
To be forgotten, this is all I crave."

Forgotten ! No. Thy name endeared shall rise,
Diffusing fragrance like the spicy grove ;
Whilst, as some rising star in Eastern skies,
Thy spirit brightens in the realms of love

J. W——n.

ILLUSTRATION OF JOHN XIV. 8, 9.

BY THE REV. JEREMIAH CHAPLIN, D. D.,

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"Philip saith unto him [Jesus], Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us. Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father?"

This passage I have long considered as clearly teaching the doctrine of our Saviour's true and proper divinity. The train of thought by which I arrived at this conclusion, is, substantially, as follows:—Suppose you descend into one of the salt mines of Poland, some of which are said to be several hundred feet below the surface of the earth, and that you converse with one of the inhabitants of that subterraneous world, and one who was born there, and who had never seen the light of the sun. You undertake to give him a description of fields, and pastures, and forests, and mountains, and a variety of other things to be found on the earth's surface. You also attempt to give him some idea of the heavens, of the azure vault, and of the worlds

of light with which it is bespangled and adorned. You speak particularly of the sun, and of the splendor and majesty in which he appears, when he marches through the heavens in a clear day. The man listens with profound attention; and at length exclaims, "Show me that glorious sun, and I shall be satisfied." Suppose you now point him to one of the lamps which burn with a faint and feeble light in his dreary cavern, and say to him, "Do you see that lamp?" "I do," he replies, "but what of that?" "Why," say you, "he that hath seen that lamp, hath seen the sun; and why do you say to me, Show me the sun?" Should you speak thus to the inhabitant of the mine, how would you appear to him? and, I may add, how would you appear to all men of sense? The application is easy. The similitude, I admit, is in one respect imperfect. But that very imperfection is adapted to evince the truth of the doctrine which I suppose to be contained in the passage, namely, the doctrine of our Saviour's divinity. There is some proportion between the light of a lamp and the light of the sun. Both are created, and therefore both are finite. But if Jesus Christ be not truly and properly God, there is an infinite disproportion between him and the eternal Father. Hence, if it would be absurd to say, "He that hath seen a lamp hath seen the sun," much more absurd must it be to say, "He that hath seen Christ hath seen the Father," unless Christ be truly and properly divine.

THE JEWISH CAPTIVE.

Wan was his cheek, and dark was his eye,
And high heaved his breast of pride,
And scornfully spurned he the destiny,
Which freedom's bright beam had denied.

Dread vengeance lowered in Albiram's brow,
As he thought on the days that were gone—
Days of bliss! they had passed—and what was he now?
An exile, all homeless and lone!

Quick fancy worked in his aching mind,
And fire through his brain did thrill;
As he mused on the land he had left behind:
As he thought on sweet Zion's hill!

The soft moon-beam silvered o'er the stream;
And glittered the host of heaven—
But to him of joy there was no dream,
Nor ray of consolation given!

Vain the fair scene; for was he not
A slave in Chaldea's land?
And could that hour be e'er forgot,
He was torn from Judah's strand?

"Oh take the harp from yon willow tree,
Enron, thou son of the song,
And soothing its tones shall be to me,
And its notes remembered long.

"Sing me, oh! sing a tale of the years
That may never more return,
Such as once filled my youthful ears,
When the first flame of valor did burn!"

He has taken the harp from the willow tree,
And thus runs the strain of his minstrelsy.—

THE DEATH OF GOLIATH.

His heart is cold; his head is low,
And his pride of strength departed;
Withered in death the dauntless brow,
And the look that terror darted!

Oh! Elah's vale is red with gore,
And steel with steel is clashing;
But where is he, who rushed before,
Like a flame through the columns dashing?

Young hero of Elah! did sleep
Thy sword in its scabbard that morning?—
No: many a maiden shall weep,
When she sees not her lover returning!

And many a widow lament
The chariot wheels delaying
Of the lord of her heart, thou hast sent
To his long sleep, thy valor displaying!

Ye daughters of Israel, rejoice,
With tabret and wild cymbals sounding,
And raised be the loveliest voice,
The fame of the hero resounding!

But vainly the sword of the brave
Might flash, like the meteor gleaming,
Had the Lord not arisen to save,
His chosen from slavery redeeming!

But hush!—for the scoffer's at hand,
And the spirit of song hath departed—
Oh! 'tis strange, in a far distant land,
That my harp from its willow is parted.

W. V.

THE DYING WARRIOR.

BY THE REV. ROBERT M'CARTEE, D. D.

On Zion's mount the clarion blew,
That called th' embattled hosts to war;
Jehovah's blood-stained banner flew,
And on its crest the Morning Star.

Starting from field, from wood, from wave,
I saw his chosen ones arise;
Their aim a conquest o'er the grave,
Their armor tempered in the skies.

A leader rushed into the field,
And sought the fiercest of the fight;
The bow of promise on his shield,
His blade, a brand of heavenly might.

I heard his silver trumpet call,
As gathering hosts around him pressed;
And "Onward" was his cry to all,
As to the foe he bared his breast.

The sun was high; the battle poured
Its full, its fiercest tide along;
Still, where the tempest darkest lowered,
I heard him shout his battle song.

The sun is low; and other breasts
The brunt of battle boldly dare;
But he has gained the land of rest,
And palm and crown he looked for there.

I saw him on the well-fought field;—
His sword, his shield beside him lay—
Like one who knew not how to yield,
Until his Master called, "Away!"

Around him battle's banners fly,
And still the "Onward" cry is given;
But he nor hears nor gives the cry,—
Romeyn* has passed to yonder heaven.

* The late Rev. J. B. Romeyn, D. D., pastor of the Cedar Street Presbyterian Church, New York.

THE SABBATH DAY.

O DAY OF PEACE, whose dawning ray
  Smiles meekly in the eastern sky,
I love to own thy soothing sway,
  While earth's vain cares and tumults die.

O DAY OF JOY, thy choral strain
  Sounds sweetly in the pilgrim's ear;
The listening soul forgets its pain,
  And loses all its guilty fear.

O DAY OF LOVE, when he who died
  Removes the sinner's load of wo,
And, smiling, shows his wounded side,
  Whence hope, and life and pardon flow.

O DAY OF REST, what heavenly calm,
  What hallowed peace thine hours impart!
How often has thy healing balm
  Revived and soothed the contrite heart!

The shades of earth shall cloud these eyes,
  Each earth-born joy be lost, unknown ;
Yet still thy memory shall arise,
  Till life's last lingering spark is flown.

T. W. H.

THE END.

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